Week ending July 20 1946

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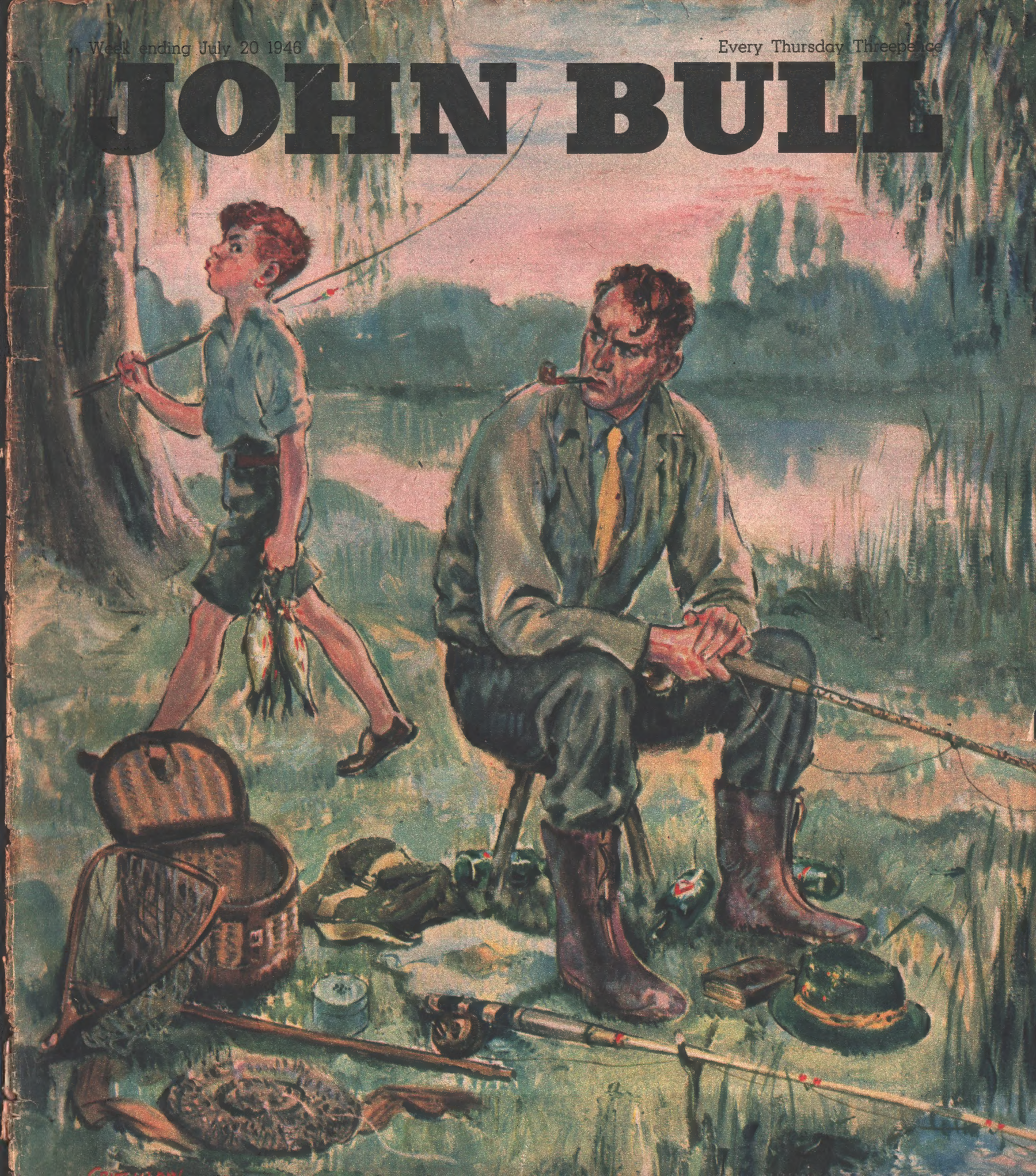

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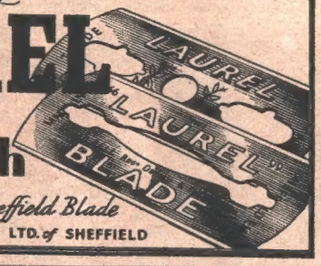

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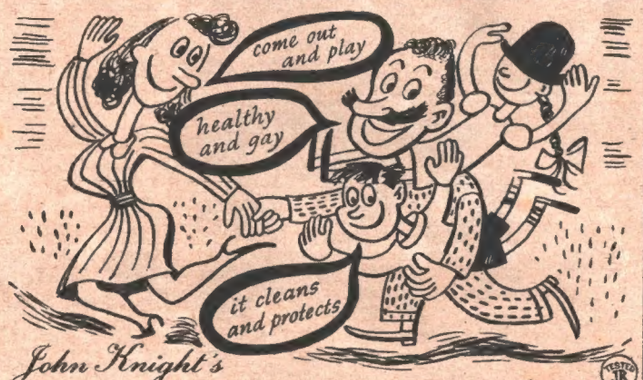

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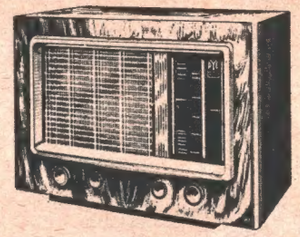

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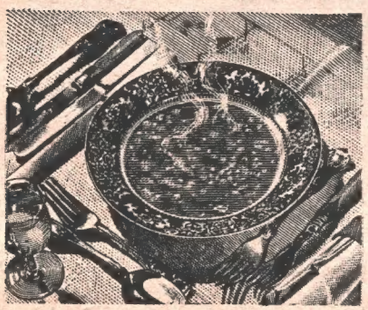

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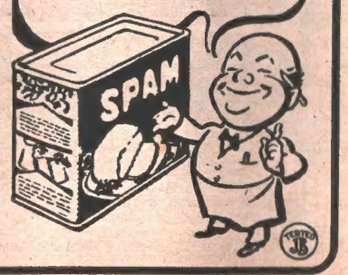


JOHN BULL July 20 1946 Volume 79 Number 2092 186 High Holborn London WC1 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

LET THE LITTLE NATIONS SPEAK

by THE EDITOR

NOT EVEN THE ILL-FATED Versailles peace of 1919, which started Adolf Hitler on his career of crime by providing him with wonderful material for his early speeches, had such an ominous prelude as the peace for which the world now waits uneasily.

The Foreign Ministers' early disagreements about next week's overdue peace conference showed a dangerous trend which is becoming more and more pronounced.

The repeated differences of opinion about "procedure" were really due to conflict on a point of principle—should matters be decided arbitrarily, by the most powerful nations (who then impose their will on the rest), or freely and equitably, by discussion among all the nations concerned?

Russia unfortunately appears to favour Big Power politics, even over the drafting of peace treaties in which smaller nations are vitally concerned. Britain and America, on the other hand, are quite rightly inclined, by their democratic outlook, to give the little countries a proper voice in world affairs, particularly where the interests of these countries are closely involved.

The issue is important because it affects a great deal more than peace treaties. Domination by Great Powers, if it became a habit, could easily wreck the idea of world government expressed in the United Nations Organization.

We must not allow that to happen. Let us have peace by all means but let it be peace by agreement, not peace by dictation.

PALESTINE PICTURE

PALESTINE has presented a melancholy picture to those who still feel that good intentions, on the part of a nation as well as an individual, should bring a suitable reward.

No impartial observer can believe that this country has acted other than with scrupulous honesty and impartiality, and the desire to be fair to Jew and Arab alike.

Yet our armed forces have been subjected to outrage and attack, and our national name has been reviled by members of the race whose oppression by the Nazis excited our warmest sympathies, and whose liberation became one of our war aims. What is the answer? Not, surely, that we should revise our ideas about Jewry because some Jews, particularly in America, have bitterly and unthinkingly attacked us.

No, the real reply to Palestine is that the whole terrible "Jewish problem," involving the fate of millions of exiled and homeless people—men, women and children literally without a country — cannot be a British responsibility alone.

It is a world problem, and it will not be solved until the conscience of the world is thoroughly aroused, and all countries which are in a position to help are mobilized in a united effort to deal with it.

A CHANCE FOR REAL LEADERSHIP

NOT LONG AGO, when it became obvious that the coal industry was approaching a crisis, the miners' leaders presented a programme of reform which they claimed was necessary to bring new recruits into the mines and keep up coal production. They called it the Miners' Charter.

Well, nationalization of the mines is already under way, and will bring with it many of the reforms set forth in the Charter. And the Government has just granted two of the main demands—the five-day week and full pay for public holidays.

What is the Mineworkers' Union doing in response? Is it fostering a new spirit among its members—a spirit which will replace the old, dead one of battling against greedy mine owners for hard-fought concessions with a new feeling of working together for the good of the industry —and of the country?

There is a danger that the Coal Board, if its contacts with the men were mismanaged, might merely take the place of the owners in their minds. This must be avoided. The men's leaders must co-operate closely with the Coal Board; they must treat the Board as their ally, and thrash out mutual problems with it on free and friendly lines.

The miners themselves must be encouraged to feel that their work is a real public service, in the best sense of the term (which indeed it is). A lot depends on them. With constructive and enlightened leadership, they can make all the difference between success and failure in Britain's trade recovery.

STAGE FRIGHT

GHOSTS AT GENEVA

GHOSTS ARE ABOUT to walk at Geneva. On August 1 the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Organization will meet there, in the former palace of the League of Nations—and once more, after seven years, representatives of many countries will talk and argue in the £2,000,000 tomb of a world's hope for peace.

We have achieved, potentially and out of agony, what the pre-war men of Geneva failed to achieve—a world in which peace is at least possible. If Geneva's ghosts squeak and gibber a little at UNRRA's conference—and surely the most insensitive delegate will feel their presence?—it will do a bit of good. For every ghost will point a moral.

Which is that, unless we make the United Nations work better than the League of Nations did, we shall soon need yet another UNRRA . . . if there are any of us left to need anything.

It is not even too much to hope that common sense will eventually prevail, and that UNO itself will forsake the time-wasting inconveniences of New York and Long Island for the spacious and well-equipped halls of Geneva.

A strong and progressive United Nations Organization could easily breathe new life—and bring new hope—into the old Palace of Peace.

MR. STEPHENS AT HOME

HOW AMERICA LIVES

The first of three articles on the home-life of an American family

"THE AMERICANS? They live in luxury . . . skyscrapers, sleek limousines. . . ." Yet more than one G.I. bride has returned home, disillusioned. What are the facts? JOHN BULL asked Roland Wild, who is now in California, to give British readers a picture of American life today.

Here it is—the unsensational story of one American family who wouldn't normally make the headlines. Bill Stephens and his wife belong to the ninety per cent of ordinary people who stay married, don't get into the movies, will never possess a swimming pool, and will never go to jail. In all their lives they will never meet a gangster or live in a skyscraper. They will ride in a plane maybe once.

Yet their way of living is not much like that of the typical Briton of their class and opportunity. The story of the Stephens family points no particular moral, but it does tell us a lot about the average American—his resettlement problems, his hopes, his advantages and his difficulties—that should help us to understand him better.

WHEN, JUST A YEAR AGO, the War Department considered that Private First Class William Stephens of 1213B, Fourteenth Street, Santa Monica, California, had just about finished his job in Belgium, Luxemburg, France and Germany, it found him a bare six feet of space in the *Queen Elizabeth*.

He was whipped over the Atlantic in four days and across America in five days, and landed at the palmy and flower-filled station of Los Angeles into the arms of his plump and pretty wife for fifty-four days' leave on full pay.

Private Stephens had been only eighteen months in the army, but it was enough.

The following week he reported for work at the Santa Monica branch of Robertson's Public Markets. They told him he was manager of the store at fifty dollars a week or £12 10s.

He thereupon took stock of his position as a citizen of a democracy enjoying the greatest boom in history, a citizen, too, who was reminded by immense posters on the Hudson River, at New York City, along the 3,000 miles of the Santa Fe railway system, and again in his home town, that he had won another war against tyranny.

Private Stephens is now thirty-five, dark and going a little bald in front, with his own teeth and his own ideas, two children aged nine and six, and a serious and plodding outlook on life as seen from Number 1213B, Fourteenth Street.

Half a House

Stephens is fortunate in having something like a house, though the "B" in the address tells its own story of frustration and discomfort.

For the "B" means there is also an "A," and the "A" faces the little lawn and the street, while the "B" has once been the back quarters of the house. It is a bungalow, with one bedroom and a tiny room for the two boys, and the back porch has been roofed in to make a kitchen.

It costs £9 10s. a month, gas and electricity and water included. And it is not at all certain in this changing world that the landlord will not decide to tear it down or live in the house himself, in which case the Stephens family will be living in a trailer or putting those advertisements in the *Los Angeles Times* which begin: "Vet and family desperate . . ."

Bill Stephens became a civilian with £25 a month for three months as his gratuity, plus a £2,500 life insurance for which he had paid 30s. a month while he was in the Service and which he would continue to pay. This could be converted to repay him in thirty years' time, or he could leave it as it was.

He had married some years before the war, in Vermilion, South Dakota. His wife's father had a "resort," which is an hotel, and Bill was working in a grocery store. They met at a dance and found a house in Yankton in the same state.

Bill Stephens says he worked for seven days a week for six dollars, which is a way of describing the standard of living in a state that produces the bad lands, good farmers who degenerate by force of circumstances into refugees, and a hot dry wind that curls up character and crops with equal efficiency.

Life in South Dakota is not for the ambitious, and wages are low.

Off to California

Bill, Junior, was born in 1937. When he was two the Stephens decided to follow the crowd to the west.

They found the California-boosters had been correct, that wages were higher, and that oranges grew in the streets.

Stephens went to work in Robertson's Public Markets, presiding over forty square feet of oranges, grape fruit, tangerines, fresh lettuce, eggs in two-dozen cardboard cartons, milk in cardboard containers, peanuts in Cellophane, cereals with puzzles on the packet, granulated soap, the finest coffee in the world, and half a million tins of fruit, sweetcorn, chopped meat—and abominable caviare.

By 1940 they had a car bought for £100, and went on picnics every Sunday at a cost of sixpence for twenty miles, with a tax on the car of £1 for a year.

The long beach lapped by the cold Pacific was one mile away; Santa Monica Boulevard was scintillating in six colours of lights every night; the movies cost forty cents for a good three-hour programme.

Somewhere in Europe there was a war, and the family took no more notice of it than most of the customers who came to the grocery store.

In 1943 Garell was born—and in the same year the war came right to the Stephens doorstep. Bill Stephens was called up. He served his last order of canned, frozen fruit and put on uniform.

He was living at home for the first few months, as the most aggressive job found for Private Stephens was a role in the film of Ernie Pyle's book, *G.I. Joe*.

But he was technically a gunner, and there came the day in 1945 when he got his orders for "overseas," and Europe at that, a vast and vague term that might mean anything for a man who had never been to New York.

The Stephens budget was not going to hold out, and they moved, taking their furniture with them, to the half-house in Fourteenth Street.

In Europe, Bill never saw a shot fired with malice aforethought, but he was able to look over the results of the work of some of his own big guns liquidating a township as big as Vermilion, South Dakota. He figured he was lucky to be an American.

Then the war, which they called "the war in Europe," stopped suddenly, and he was on his way home, no hero to himself, but a "veteran" and one of the men the politicians were talking about.

And today, Bill Stephens is a Californian without a car, which is the same as talking of a Yorkshire miner without a whippet. If he had one, there is room for it to be parked all night alongside the pavement strip of grass in Fourteenth Street, Santa Monica, between the Chevs. and Fords of his neighbours.

But the car went in the little landslide of 1943 when Mr. Stephens became Private Stephens, and there is little hope now of getting a serviceable second-hand car for less than a thousand dollars (or £250), while the old rattle-buggies on the roads cost nearly £100.

Twopence for Ten Miles

It's a pity the car had to go, for Stephens—now that he is out of the army—rides seven miles to work daily, and Mrs Stephens rides sixteen blocks to her job in pottery.

Not that there is hardship in riding the bus or tramcar in the early morning mist that the Californians call "fog." The fare is twopence for any distance up to ten miles, and fourpence for twenty-five miles. The tram rattles through back gardens, leaving the ribbon roads for its own course, and its sides are swept by lilies, wild poppies, wild roses and the flaming vegetation of the tropics.

But the lack of a car rankles in a world more often on rubber than on leather, and one of the first items on the Stephens Five Year Recovery Plan is one of those shiny new vehicles, with bulging sides and rear, that give no hint of the direction they are headed for. And the other "must" on the programme is a new house.

Paying £9 10s. a month for rent of half a house with the porch made into a kitchenette, Bill Stephens is lucky, although the boys have to sleep in a small double bed that completely fills their room—and that room is divided from the living-room by only a curtain.

If California were prone to cold evenings the whole family would suffer, but even in spring with the temperature at 75 degrees at midday, the gas stove is on after 6 p.m., in line with the general American theory that a human being is not normal unless slightly overheated. In the kindergarten at the school the radiators are on at full blast throughout the sunny day.

The furniture consists of one double bed

★ ★ ★

by ROLAND WILD

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens and the two children. They eat well and have plenty of meat, eggs and fruit

for husband and wife, a bed for the children, one large settee and one armchair, a dining-table and four kitchen chairs, a wardrobe, dressing-table and built-in cupboards.

On the floor there are a few rugs over linoleum.

But in kitchen and household equipment Mrs. Stephens has an armoury that stresses once again the sensible American theory that if a machine can do it, there is no need for a woman to bestir herself.

Husband Does Housework

In the kitchen is a full-size frigidaire into which go the half-frozen vegetables and meat bought through the week. There is a new vacuum cleaner which Stephens obtained because he is in touch with influential people who still have these things to sell. And there is a washing machine into which Mrs. Stephens hurls the entire laundry every Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Stephens, who is going to her job in the pottery works until they are properly on their feet again, has conquered the domestic work problem. Her husband does it for her. It has proved to be more convenient for him to come home to a solitary midday meal, which he eats very close to the frigidaire, and to clean the place up before he goes back to work.

But Mrs. Stephens expects any day to return in the evening and find No. 12138 Fourteenth Street in the same state as she left it in the morning. That is, as if it had just been struck by something like a cyclone.

In order to reach her factory at eight, after cooking four breakfasts, urging two boys out of bed, and travelling sixteen blocks, Mrs. Stephens has to get up at six o'clock. She announces the dawning of a new day to her family and provides them with fruit, eggs and bacon, cereals and coffee. After that, eight hours of dipping earthenware vases and candle-holders into green and yellow paint at the factory seems child's play.

She and her husband are out of the house before their children, who are supposed to leave home at eight to go four blocks to school.

At six o'clock Mrs. Stephens is home again, to change into thin blue slacks or a frock for the evening. Stephens and the boys arrive soon afterwards. The house is straightened out, and the family sits down to meat or chicken, apple pie and ice cream, coffee and the worst that a commercialized radio system can deal out.

It is this way six mornings out of seven and five evenings a week, though on Saturday nights, such is the service of the American store, Bill Stephens is not home till after nine.

The family is fortunate in being on the inside of the grocery business. Ex-Private Stephens brings home the shopping bag, assisted by a weekly list of requirements from his wife.

Cost of Feeding

The cost of feeding two adults and two children in the American fashion, breakfast and supper daily, plus 1s. 6d. a day for the two boys' lunches at school and sandwiches for Mrs. Stephens's lunch, is in the neighbourhood of £5 a week.

The eggs are half a crown a dozen, and breakfast means two eggs unless otherwise stated. Coffee, served at all meals, works out at three shillings a week for two pounds. Milk is three shillings a day, or £1 a week.

Ground beef twice a week costs five shillings, black market steak once a week five shillings, and a chicken for Sunday, ten shillings.

Oranges cost two shillings for five pounds unless you get them cheaper at night from the school yard where they grow. Grapefruit are sixpence each. Then there are such affairs as bread, fat, and cereals.

The prices quoted here are the minimum. In fact, Mrs. Stephens spends an average of six dollars, or thirty shillings a week on meat alone. Furthermore, we had forgotten vegetables, an omission that never escapes ex-Private Stephens, who takes the rap if a salad is ever absent at an evening meal. With the £9 10s. for rent each month and the £20 or so for food, the necessities of existence at 12138 Fourteenth Street are taken care of for something like £35 a month. Out of Mrs. Stephens's £30 a month and Mr. Stephens's £50, there is £45 a month left, of which £10 a month is banked as savings, the rest going into that pit which army pay dug and which is known as debt.

The Next Stephens Home

Stephens could, therefore, say that the war had cost him his car, his home, some twenty dollars a week and an anxious expression for the next two years. He agreed when I suggested that it had cost the average British soldier a lot more.

The next Stephens home, when houses begin to pour out of the pre-fab factories, should be a three-bedroom job which will need furnishing. Not only the Stephens, but the furniture manufacturers, are ready for that.

A settee will cost £30, armchairs £20, a dining-room set £100, and a bed £35. On that outlay of under £200, the buyer will be expected to pay £40 down and the rest at £10 a month.

And it seems that a long time will elapse before the Stephens family, and thousands like them, will be able to buy anything but pre-fabricated houses, houses shipped altogether by rail and clipped together like looseleaf, houses of glass looking like the jam jar round a blue-bottle, houses poured out of cement mixers.

Even so, tens of thousands are on their knees to the producers saying: "Pour me a house!" or "Blow me a glass-house!" or "Rivet me a house!"

There won't be a three-bedroom house to suit the Stephens for a long time, and their best bet is to watch for a likely murder and snatch a quick option from the dependants. When that time comes they will have to pay £2,000 for a house that cost £1,200 six years ago, or £7,000 for a house that cost £3,000.

By then Stephens should be manager of a large store or even a supervisor, which means that his salary will be £20 a week, and the firm will give him a car to go round the countryside seeing that the customers are apparently satisfied and paying their bills.

From the British Side

There will be no more need for Mrs. Stephens to contribute to the pottery business, and young Bill and Garell will come home earlier to play in their own garden full of those gadgets, wooden-wheeled chairs and settees and tables and sunshades, beloved by the American.

Not that they are displeased by life at the moment; things have fallen fairly well into place after the biggest upheaval in history, and when Stephens is asked his view about the world generally, he says: "Well, there are a lot of strikes about. . . ."

Mrs. Stephens interrupts: "You were asked about the future of the world, Bill, not of America. . . ."

From the British side of the fence, there is a lot that is enviable in the life of the Stephens family, quite apart from the climate of Southern California.

The Americans are healthy, well-fed, well-entertained, luxuriously-educated, adequately provided for, fairly safe from tyrannies, ambitious for a higher material standard of living, content with their own movies, and hardened to their own radio comedians.

It helps, too, to be six thousand miles away from the battlefields which Bill Stephens went to see.

NEXT WEEK:
The Stephens children at school.

THE LITTLE MINISTER

AS A MEMBER OF THE CABINET, Ellen Wilkinson is the second woman in British parliamentary history to hold such office.

Known as Ellen, even by office boys in the Ministry of Education, she is, perhaps, the most flamboyant personality in British politics; a tiny, crisp and business-like woman with a head of tousled red hair, brown eyes and a strident voice. She possesses a temper, brains and determination and, having heard about her, you recognize the faint aureole of notoriety.

You associate her with a column of hunger-marchers. You remember sensations caused by some of her statements. You know that she is an inveterate torch-carrier. You remember that quite unexpectedly Ellen could produce a refugee or the victim of persecution.

So you decide, naturally, to leave everything to Ellen and let nature take its course.

But the new Ellen is a surprise.

The reason for the change she gives in a letter: "In office as a Cabinet Minister, and with the awful responsibility of being the only woman cabinet minister in the world, I have quite deliberately toned down. And, as my red hair has, in the natural course of years, toned itself down to auburn, so I hope my general manner and approach to problems have done the same."

HER origins were simple. She was the daughter of an insurance agent and she went, by progressive steps and scholarships, from elementary school to secondary school and Manchester University.

With an M.A. in History and Economics, she proceeded by way of trade unionism and local government to the catastrophic Red Letter Election of 1924. *She* won her seat—for East Middlesbrough—and remained a member until 1931. In 1935 she was returned for her present constituency, the northern industrial area of Jarrow.

Ellen received a grounding in departmental procedure as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Susan Lawrence. Later, while out of Parliament, she turned to journalism, wrote a thriller and went travelling.

In Germany in March, 1936, she scooped a story for the old *Sunday Referee*. She had heard from rather reliable sources that Hitler was about to attempt his Rhine coup. The problem was to get the news out.

She was a suspected person and she knew her telephone had been tapped. As there was no other way, she decided to chance it from her room in the hotel.

She managed to pick the right moment and was put through to the editor. She told him the story, speaking into the telephone under a pile of bedclothes so as not to be heard in the next room. The story caused a sensation. Ellen started packing.

She made two journeys to Spain during the civil war, in April, 1937, with the Duchess of Atholl and the late Eleanor Rathbone, and in December with Clement Attlee and Philip Noel-Baker. Ellen had several narrow escapes. Once a shell, exploding on the road, hit the driver of her car. She was unscathed.

THESE incidents in Spain probably inured her to the blitz. As Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security, her direct concern was the condition of shelters, and Ellen was often seen, during the heaviest raids, driving from one shelter to another.

There are three in the family besides Ellen: two brothers — a Methodist minister and a B.B.C. engineer—and a sister, Ann.

The sisters have a cottage at Twixtlands, Penn, in Buckinghamshire, surrounded by beechwoods. Ellen spends weekends there, gardening, walking and entertaining close friends.

Ann keeps house, with a cook called Louie, who has a reputation for making wonderful dishes and never being flurried by the number of guests. Two tom cats are the only males in a very feminine household.

The guest-room is in rich blues with yellow china, and this *motif* is repeated in the sitting-room. Ann's room is in scarlet, and Ellen has hers in a favourite colour—pale green. There are rows of books in low shelves, and flowers everywhere.

Ellen eats, drinks and smokes always in the smallest quantities; her tastes are simple and her conversation is interesting and frank. Her speeches are the same, always open and forthright.

But the complaint is that she's too reactive to an audience, too emotional, too impatient, too fond of making stirring promises.

SHE likes to be at work early, dressed in black or navy blue and white with simple costume jewellery. Sometimes she wears browns and greens to set off her hair; and she succeeds in looking a trim figure propped on a pile of cushions at a magnificent desk.

With so much hair, hats are a problem, but Ellen has *hats*. Her make-up is Elizabeth Arden, which she applies with artistry and moderation. For perfume she uses Chanel.

She rides sometimes for exercise and goes when possible to the theatre and ballet. She loves music and regrets not having learnt to play as a child. She made one attempt at the age of forty to rectify the omission; bought a piano and started lessons—but found that her hands were too small to stretch an octave.

Possessing an analytical mind with great critical powers, she feels frustrated by the lack of any gift for artistic creation. Many successful politicians have felt the same, tried to do something about it and failed. So has Ellen.

But having missed being an artist has, perhaps, made Ellen what she is—a very human person with generous impulses and simple emotions.

Last year, when the new House of Commons assembled for swearing-in, she was sitting on the Government front bench. Churchill entered, and was greeted by his party singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Ellen joined in from the opposite side. She was pretty much alone.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

WEATHER

WHEN THE KING OPENED the Empire Science Conference he referred to the triumphs of our scientists—penicillin, radar, jet propulsion, the prediction of the weather. Deep chuckles rumbled round the hall. The King smiled broadly. He hadn't forgotten V-day.

★ ★ ★

Do our meteorologists deliver the goods? Yes, on the whole. In a recent six-day test they were right five times. During the war, for twelve hours ahead they were right nearly nine times out of ten; for longer periods about seven times. (The snag is—what do you mean by *right*? It's hard to describe weather exactly.)

★ ★ ★

Explanation of the "met. men's" howlers: Britain lies just where two areas of contrasted climate (the Atlantic and the Eurasian landmass) intersect. Hence unforeseen changes come with extraordinary rapidity.

★ ★ ★

What about this summer? Well, in February the sun's surface underwent the biggest convulsion for seventy-seven years. So the records for 1869 may serve as a guide. That summer Britain had the worst freak weather ever.

★ ★ ★

On June 1, 1869, there was a terribly destructive frost. A few days later it was ninety degrees in the shade in London. On Midsummer Day there were seven inches of snow in Yorkshire, and five-foot drifts in Westmorland. The same week lightning set fire to a Thames barge. On August 28, in Leicester, the thermometer stood at ninety-five; it had dropped to thirty-one within thirty-seven hours!

★ ★ ★

Is weather lore truer than the met. men? Records show that "red sky at morning" means rain seven times out of ten. "Red sky at night" gives seven out of ten chances of fair weather; a pale yellow ("watery") sunset, seven chances of rain; a green sunset, eight chances. Mares' tails (high, white, wispy clouds) usually mean a weather change; if they halo the sun it is certain.

★ ★ ★

Our climate depends to a great extent on a flow of warm water from south of Florida—the Gulf Stream.

★ ★ ★

The Germans, had they won the war, had a scheme for widening the Straits of Dover to let more of the warm current through into the North Sea. This would have improved the climate of Germany.

★ ★ ★

The Gulf Stream, say Atlantic sea-captains, is changing course very slowly. Two hundred years from now it may be warming Greenland. Incidentally, if America went to war with Europe, atomic explosives might be used to divert the Gulf Stream and freeze us up.

★ ★ ★

Thunderstorms reach their maximum every twenty-two years—as a consequence of the "sunspot cycle." In 1945 they were bad, and also in 1923; in 1901 there were record thunderstorms, and a record downpour, 3.6 inches in an evening, fell at Maidenhead; in 1879, Kew recorded a single thunder-peal lasting twenty minutes. During this famous storm hailstones weighing four ounces were reported, and £30,000 worth of glass was smashed in the London suburbs.

★ ★ ★

Thirteen ships, each of 3,000 tons, with seaplanes, are to be stationed permanently in the Atlantic to send weather reports, countries on both sides sharing the cost. The U.S.A. also plan two hundred Arctic weather recording stations. Russia, the leader in this field, has already 247 stations.

★ ★ ★

British barometers are the best in the world. A United States sea-captain, when he retired to a Long Island cottage, sent to London for one. When it came, the needle pointed obstinately to "Hurricane." He wrote a strong letter of complaint and went out to post it. When he came back his cottage wasn't there. That was the day of the famous Long Island cyclone.

The "walking out" blues are an improvement on battledress, but why not a smart civvy suit to give the men a sense of freedom off duty?

WHY I WOULDN'T SIGN ON AGAIN

Montgomery wants the Army to be a first-class career. But reforms are blocked by a hard core of mediocre die-hards, says an ex-officer in this frank article

by HUBERT COLE

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY is calling a conference of all Army commanders in mid-August to plan a new future for the Army. Smart new blue patrol uniforms have been designed and inspected by the King. Rates of pay have been simplified and improved.

The Army is undertaking a great drive to attract young men to join, to persuade them that a military career offers good pay, good company and congenial surroundings.

It is an excellent business proposition. A fine career for a young man in a disturbed world.

Yet many ex-Servicemen still wouldn't re-enlist. And still wouldn't advise their sons to sign on. And neither would I.

Why? Stupidity? Pigheadedness? Snobbishness?

No. The real answer, I think, is that experience has shown most of us that the practice doesn't match the theory. We fear that, though the Army sounds attractive on paper, it will still retain its unnecessary irritations, still not get rid of the petty tyrannies and injustices.

Let's look at the small annoyances that affect everybody.

Pay Parade "Charity"

Your pay is good. But how do you draw it?

You hand in your pay-book to the pay-clerk, asking for the amount you want. Somebody in the company office decides, over your head, whether you shall be allowed to draw that amount or not.

Later you parade for pay—"properly dressed"—you click your heels, you salute, you sign for your money, collect it, salute again, turn about smartly and leave with the impression that some charitable institution has given you a hand-out.

Officers draw their pay from a cashier on active service or from a bank on service at home. Why not cash offices for other ranks? Why cannot they draw their money as they want it?

The answer is not that officers want the job of paying out the money (and having to make good any discrepancies out of their own pockets), nor that the N.C.O.s want extra parades.

No, it is simply that the Army, despite its assurances that it wants only responsible, respectable men, refuses to trust them with their own money, refuses to believe that they have sufficient sense and self-control to live within their pay.

Of course you can complain and insist on drawing all your credits. You will probably get satisfaction. You will also certainly be labelled as a nuisance and barrack-room lawyer.

The Army provides you with clothing—a uniform. But it also insists that, unless you get a special pass which is not often granted for ordinary days off, you must wear your uniform in the street.

You may then spend your afternoon saluting all the officers you meet, at considerable annoyance to yourself and your girl friend (*and* the officers), or you can pretend to be looking in every other shop window and feel that you are a thoroughly sloppy and shamefaced soldier.

Saluting, one of the most important outward marks of discipline, is essential in the Army. Every good soldier gets satisfaction out of his ability to "tear off a smasher" when he is on parade. But neither he nor his officer wants to carry his business conventions into his private life.

The blue patrol uniform which is to be provided for walking out is a much smarter and more attractive uniform than battledress. But why uniform at all? The factory worker doesn't wear overalls to take his girl to the pictures; the bank clerk doesn't wear his top hat and frock coat; the butcher doesn't wear his striped apron.

The soldier has clothes peculiar to his profession which he wears when on duty in his barracks. The Army should provide him with a smart civilian suit to wear at all other times—and place no restrictions on his wearing it.

The Officer Complex

The Army still gives too much authority to men who believe that officers and other ranks are made of different clay, only to be transmuted at great length and by the miraculous intervention of the War Office Selection Board and the O.C.T.U.

When I was at O.C.T.U., the officer-instructor lecturing on the duties of officers was asked what action an officer should take if he were having a drink in a pub and a serious disturbance was caused by a couple of drunken other ranks.

The lecturer replied: "I trust that no officer would ever be seen in a public house."

When I was a company commander I was visited by my commanding officer, a lieutenant-colonel. The clerks in my company office were wearing collars and ties with their battledress. The C.O. asked why.

I quoted the Army Council instruction which said that other ranks employed in offices could be permitted to wear collars and ties.

He said: "It is at the discretion of the C.O. *I* am the C.O. You will issue an order that all your men will be properly dressed at all times—wearing boots and gaiters and with their battledress blouses buttoned to the neck. Once they start wearing collars and ties they'll think they are as good as we are."

This happened, not at Aldershot or in a spit-and-polish depot, but in a forward area in Italy.

And it is here that we are beginning to get down to something very serious: the real reason why you and I would not join the Army nor recommend anybody else to do so.

There is still a hard core of die-hards, around the major and lieutenant-colonel level, which is opposed to any reform and which is training a succession of young officers in the same tradition.

They flout Army Council instructions. They fight against the new ideas to the last ditch. They recommend for promotion those officers who subscribe to the same reactionary views that they themselves hold.

Saluting is important on the barrack square but an unnecessary restriction for officers and men when parades are over for the day

The lieutenant-colonel whom I quoted above—the man who was so concerned lest the other ranks should consider themselves as good as he—had spent most of his life in the regular Army *in the ranks*.

Officers of the General Staff inspect units from time to time. It is their duty to ensure that Army Council instructions are being complied with. But how often are these inspections conducted without warning?

The word comes days beforehand. The quirks of the particular inspecting officer are already known to the officer whose unit is to be inspected.

"He's red hot on cookhouse cleanliness, sergeant-major. Put the men's tea back half an hour so that there won't be a lot of stuff slopped all over the floor. Tell the quartermaster-sergeant to get the cooks' whites laundered and don't issue them until just before he's due to arrive. I'll get the messing officer to arrange a special menu."

Or: "If we've got a first-class guard turnout he won't want to see anything else. Run down the guard roster and turf out any who aren't up to scratch and give the rest of them tomorrow off to polish up. I'll see what the mess secretary can do about some extra bottles of Scotch."

Thrown Out of Gear

Squads of men are out with whitewash and brushes, others are scrubbing the dining tables, others are catching flies to make a good show in the fly-traps. The normal work of the unit is thrown right out of gear.

The inspecting officer knows about it, too. He'll probably explain that if a unit cannot put on a super show when it is expecting him, it must be a pretty poor unit at other times.

But is that the way *you* would check up on your business if you wanted to know how it was being handled?

Of course it isn't. Yet it is the way in which the Army still carries on—with the best intentions in the world, yet unable to rid itself of ideas that are a hundred years out of date.

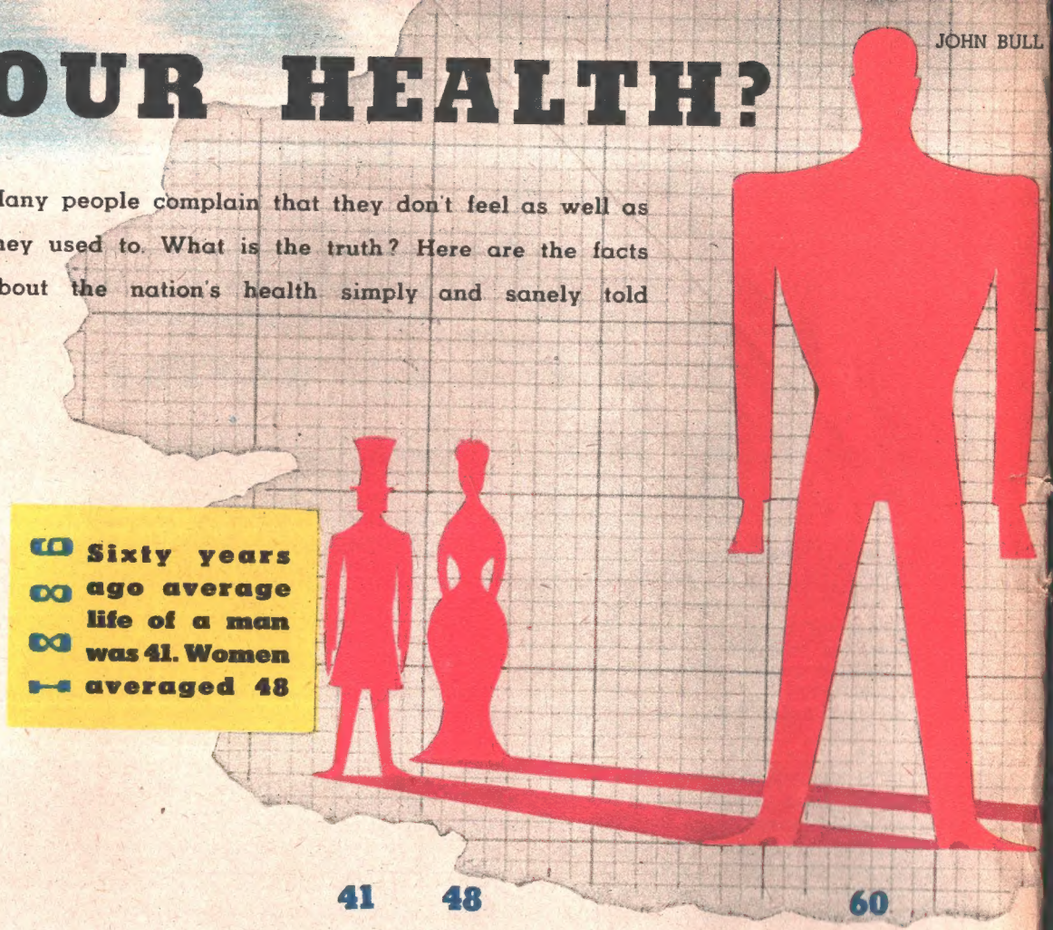
What is the solution?

The men at the top, who are really in earnest in their efforts to make the Army appeal as a profession, should get rid of the die-hards who, though much junior in rank, are thwarting all their attempts at reform.

Above all, they should make the Army a profession on the lines of any other, with set working hours (within limits which, in peace-time, can be reasonably well defined), and with complete freedom for "employees" during their own time.

HOW IS OUR HEALTH?

Many people complain that they don't feel as well as they used to. What is the truth? Here are the facts about the nation's health simply and sanely told



A FEW MONTHS AGO my telephone at home would ring every day at nine o'clock sharp, and a friendly feminine voice would ask: "How are you feeling today?" I replied, every day for a whole fortnight, that I felt very well indeed. Then the local authority wiped me off their list as one who might be a possible source of typhus infection.

I had recently returned from the Continent; that was why I was so interesting to the health authorities. Travellers to this country by air now arrive from infected areas before any symptoms of newly-acquired disease can be detected. So every arrival is given a card and told what to do if he doesn't feel well; and everybody from an infected area is kept track of until it is certain that he has brought nothing with him.

This is only one small detail of our health services, but it is interesting as typifying the constant vigilance that is the price of immunity from serious epidemics.

Could Have Killed Thousands

The reward of a whole army of health workers was the detection of a single case of typhus in 1945. Undiscovered, that one traveller could have killed thousands of people.

It is generally recognized that Britain has made enormous advances in health, yet more and more people one meets say: "But I don't *feel* as well as I used to."

How healthy are we?

As Doctor Joad might say, it all depends on what you mean by health. I suggest that it means the extent to which you are likely to become ill; your chances of surviving if you do have some infection or constitutional ailment; the number of years you are likely to live and the *degree of well-being*—both mental and physical—which you enjoy while you are alive.

This last quality is, perhaps, the most difficult of all to measure.

A very good yardstick by which to measure the average health of a country is the expectation of life. Two hundred years ago you would have been middle-aged at thirty-five and have passed your physical zenith at forty. But thanks to improved social conditions, especially in housing, British people live, on average, for nineteen years longer than they did even sixty years ago.

If you were born in Britain, you are lucky. We have the longest expectation of life in Europe. If you're a man, you may reasonably expect to live till sixty. If you're a woman, the chances are that you'll reach sixty-seven. (Oddly enough, in Britain as everywhere else except India, women invariably live longer and succumb less easily to illness, than men.)

Death Rate Halved

Whatever your sex, you will probably live six years longer than a Frenchman and over thirty years longer than the average Indian. In India, as a sad commentary upon living conditions, the expectation of life is only twenty-seven.

Just as our expectation of life shows the extent to which the fatal results of disease can be warded off during lifetime, death rates are also interesting. The worse conditions of health are, the greater the percentage of the population who die every year.

Twenty-five years ago fifteen men and about twelve women died for every 1,000 men or women living. The average between 1931 and 1940 was ten men and eight women. The remarkable thing is that, although wartime death rates include air-raid casualties and Service men and women who died here, they still show a considerable drop. Now, the death rate is only half of what it was sixty years ago.

Of every thousand children born in Britain, forty-five die within their first year of life. This is forty-five too many, but the rate is still only half of what it was in 1919 and a third of what it was at the end of the Boer War.

It is good to learn that under modern conditions, 60,000 of the children who were born this year, and who will live to be healthy, are lives saved by improved social conditions. Yet a loss of 30,000 young lives a year (under one year of age) and a stillbirth rate of twenty-seven to every 1,000 show that we have a long way to go yet.

Full Enjoyment of Life

These figures, however, may be misread. One may survive and yet not enjoy good health. Have people, in general, the physical energy, mental alertness and psychological confidence necessary for a full enjoyment of life and the complete exploitation of its possibilities?

This is a pertinent but tricky question. Nobody, not even the Ministry of Health, has sufficient information to answer it.

Doctors make returns to their local authority of certain "notifiable" diseases—T.B., for instance, and diphtheria. These returns are tabulated at the town hall, a general picture is compiled in the Ministry of Health's regional office, and these reports are combined, in turn, into a national survey.

But notifiable diseases are only the tiniest proportion of the maladies and mishaps to which we may be subject.

A good start, however, has been made by the Social Survey, working for the Ministry of Health, which started in 1944 by interviewing about 2,500 civilians a month, scattered at random throughout Britain. This cross-section of the population provides a good "sample" on which to base general conclusions. It was the first time that any attempt had been made to assess the extent and nature of illness in general. And a test made in January, 1944, showed that all-round fitness is very much less general than most of us imagine.

Of 1,000 civilians interviewed, between the ages of sixteen and sixty-four, no less than *six out of every ten* developed a new illness or minor ailment, or suffered a fresh attack of an old one during the previous three months. Not all of these absented themselves from work or sought treatment from doctors.

This survey has now been enlarged in scope, and about 7,000 people are seen every month and questioned on every departure from perfect health.

The common cold and influenza are the greatest nuisances. Practically one person in every five catches a severe cold in the course of winter and of these eight million sufferers one half are unable to work for a day or more. Yet efforts to isolate the virus responsible haven't succeeded yet, nor is there any immediate prospect of a real cure.

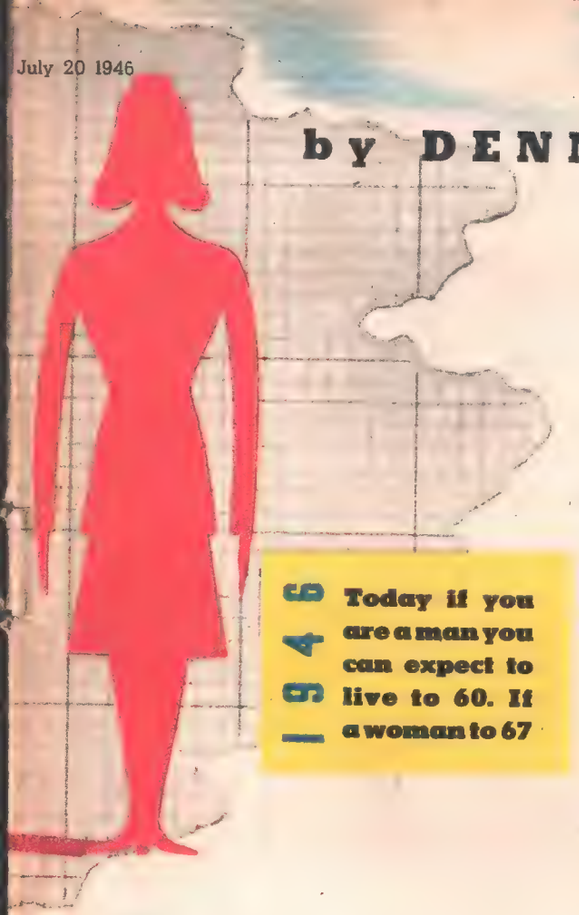
Three Worst Illnesses

The three worst illnesses of Britain are undoubtedly cancer, T.B. and rheumatism. One person in every 1,000 dies of cancer every year, and this dreary level has been maintained without a break for generations. Thanks to earlier diagnosis made possible by mass radiography, the number of deaths from tuberculosis has been halved within the last half-century. But, next to cancer, it is still the biggest killer.

This year there is a definite increase in stomach trouble all over the country, and in the number of people suffering from nervous diseases. This may be due to the pent-up anxieties of war and in some cases to worry over matrimonial affairs or uncertainty about the future. The general irritability and lack of courtesy which has developed in Britain, and which strikes a returning soldier so unfavourably, may also be a symptom of frayed nerves.

The most persistent threat to the nation's health

by DENNIS BARDENS



is venereal disease, which is still 100 per cent above 1938 level. This is bad, but is at least a considerable decrease on the 1943 figure. Intensive propaganda and the nation-wide organization of clinics where treatment is secret and free have kept the disease under some sort of control.

That's the gloomiest side of the sickness picture. In most other respects we are making splendid headway. Thanks to the diphtheria immunization campaign, we have less diphtheria in this country than anywhere on the Continent, and both illnesses and deaths have diminished steadily since 1941.

Safety from Epidemics

The danger of epidemics cannot yet be said to have passed entirely, however. To reach that margin of safety the number of children under five who have been immunized must be increased to 75 per cent. At present only 58 per cent have been brought along by their parents.

Only nine children in every 1,000 died of scarlet fever last year. Even at the end of the last war the number was 100, while less than fifty years ago the death rate was 400 to every 1,000 children. Measles, although widespread, is kept well under control, and of 172,000 cases last year there were no more than forty-five deaths.

Now for the more cheerful side of the picture. We eat far less than our ancestors, and are healthier for it. Excessive drinking and eating once made gout a national ailment. Today, though we could do with more generous and varied rations, there are no signs of malnutrition.

A searching inquiry into our blood composition by the Medical Research Council has revealed no increase in the prevalence of anæmia.

As a nation, we are infinitely cleaner than at any period in our history. Children are the healthiest and strongest ever, due in part to the free distribution of vitamins and cod liver oil.

Years ago, health visitors were regarded with the greatest suspicion by working-class mothers ("Telling me what to do! And she's not even married!"), but now they are listened to. Nearly 80 per cent of all mothers now attend some sort of maternity centre—not for any ailment, but to get competent advice on how to care for their children.

In appearance the modern Englishman looks very different from his ancestors. He is lighter in weight, slimmer and less ruddy in colouring. Children develop much more quickly, and have a livelier expression at an early age.

In dental health we lag behind other countries. Whereas America has one dentist for every 1,800 people we have only one for every 6,000. Far too many people let their teeth get beyond repair. Our standards of mouth hygiene are very low.

But, in totting up our assets and liabilities, we should not forget the most valuable and unique advantage of all: emotional stability. This mental health, or sense of balance, was shown by all classes during the war, and has a definite relationship to general health. It is, of course, a product of many things not merely physical in origin, such as tradition, but without it we could not claim to be a healthy nation.

Prevention Comes First

The best sort of health is to enjoy immunity to disease and sickness, and with this in mind one can feel little satisfaction about spending—as we do—over £180 million on the treatment and maintenance of sick people as compared with a mere £13 million on the *prevention* of ill health.

A great deal of educative propaganda on what to eat, how to cook, what to do during pregnancy and how to avoid disease is spread by press advertising, radio talks and films, but not nearly enough. One must care for the sick, and one must finance and encourage research for possible cures, but it should not be the first thing in our national programme. To cure the effect is to leave the cause, which will again produce its quota of sick people.

At the same time, there must always be a limit to the extent to which the Government can tell people how to live. We cannot foist upon any Government responsibility for everything that happens to us.

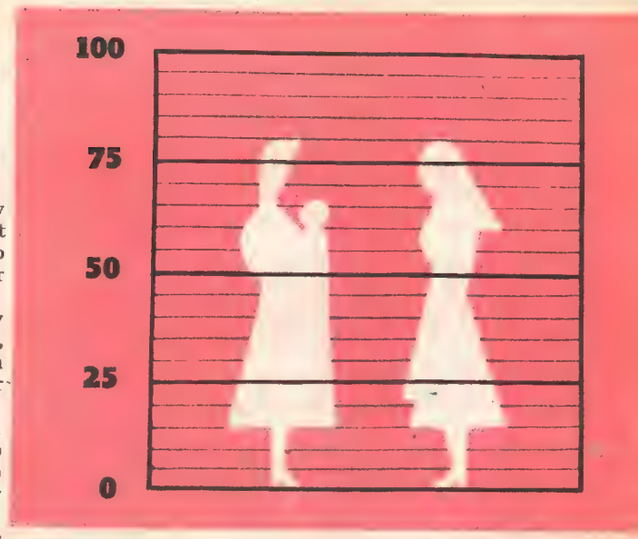
Personal initiative, encouraged by better standards of education, will still be needed even when social conditions such as housing are improved. No Government can prevent tuberculosis so long as people sleep in airless bedrooms, nor can people be free of stomach troubles while they eat food that has been improperly cooked and, perhaps, badly chosen in the first place.

Teaching the Public

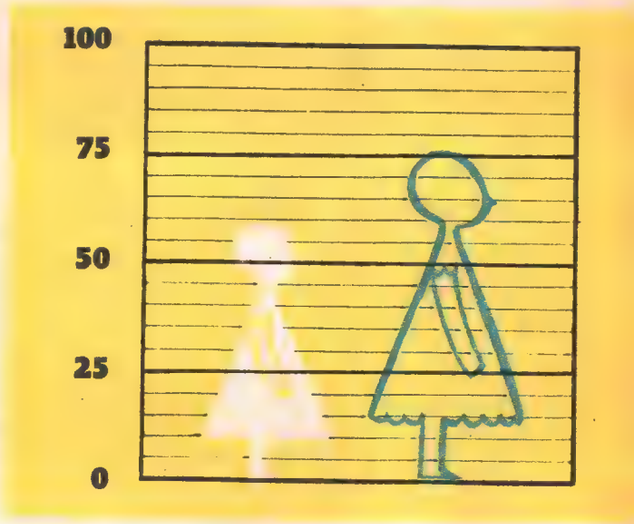
In my view, some of the most valuable work is being done by the propaganda department of the Ministry of Health and by the Central Council for Health Education, which between them teach the public some elementary but essential facts about health. The scope and extent of their work might well be expanded to three or four times its present strength, while from the national point of view it is as good an investment to build a youth hostel where young people can get fresh air at weekends as it is to build a new ward in a hospital.

Preventive medicine, it seems, could do with more encouragement. The sum of £390,000 for the Medical Research Council this year is not impressive, considering the scope and importance of its work; the loss caused to industry by the common cold is estimated at over a hundred times that figure.

On the whole, we have much to be pleased about, but still plenty to do before we can be satisfied with the nation's health.



One reason for better health: nearly 80 per cent of mothers go to maternity clinics



Another reason: 58 per cent of children are immunized against diphtheria. Target is 75 per cent

A third reason: preventive measures—vitamins, free milk and cod liver oil for children

As I was saying ★ by HERBERT HODGE

IT DEPENDS ON ALL OF US

"If I'm to keep on I need encouragement"

When it comes to getting a job done, most of us have to be gingered-up, says JOHN BULL's Homely Philosopher. Personal leadership in our work is the great need

THE RECENT "INCIDENT" at a London dock, when workers refused to unload a lorry until the driver had removed the anti-nationalization poster displayed upon it, struck me as encouraging.

Not because I agreed with the workers' action. It seemed to me they had no right to interfere with the expression of the lorry-owner's opinion. (Though I saw a similar poster on a lorry in Marylebone, the other morning, which cried out for the attention of the traffic police. It was pasted over the nearside window of the driver's cab—completely obscuring his view on that side.)

The reason I found the dock incident encouraging was that it showed there are some of us, at least, who still *believe* in the nationalization of our basic industries.

If you measured public opinion by many of the newspapers, and the kind of conversation I hear in my train, you might think the whole idea had suddenly been sprung upon us by a few cranks.

Whereas those of us who have taken any interest in politics at all have been discussing these ideas for the last thirty or forty years. A majority of the electors voted for a policy of nationalization at the election, and the Government is now carrying out that policy with all possible speed.

That a few of our leading citizens should have only just woken up to these facts is regrettable, but beside the point. Since we're already committed to nationalization, the only thing worth discussing, now, is the best way to make it work.

I sometimes think that too many of us are apt to take the success of nationalization for granted—simply because we believe it's the right policy. We're apt to forget that success often depends quite as much upon the spirit in which men and women carry out a policy as upon the policy itself.

A friend of mine, a coachbuilder, has been working, these last ten years or so, for a municipal transport department. He used to work for a private contractor. He is a life-long trade unionist, and a life-long believer in municipal and government enterprise,

Because he believes in these things, he was glad when his local council decided to do its own coachbuilding, and he was able to go to work there. Incidentally, he found that working for the council was much pleasanter than working for a private contractor. Most of the private contractors, he told me, had been "proper slave-drivers."

No Sense of Urgency

But—and this is what worries him—the response of some of his workmates is far from being what he had hoped. There's no sense of urgency about the work.

It's all rather difficult to define; but the net result, he says, is that it now costs the council more money to do its coachbuilding in its own workshops than to put the work out.

There may be all kinds of good reasons for this. But my friend is convinced that the chief reason is the attitude of the workers.

A private contractor doing the same job, he says, would keep coming round to ginger everybody up—telling the chaps he'd had to cut the price very fine, and that if they didn't get the job finished by a certain date he'd be losing money on it.

But the attitude of some of these men, now that they're working for the council, is very different. "Why worry?" they say. "It's only for the council. The council's got plenty of money.

This, of course, supports the favourite argument of the anti-Socialists. This, they tell you, is what will always happen.

They may be wrong. I hope they are. But it's a possibility which we believers in nationalization have got to face.

My own experience is that men are apt to feel much the same when they're working for any large organization—whether publicly or privately owned.

Out of every hundred workers, you'll find perhaps, ten or a dozen who would turn out their best work under any conditions. It's their nature.

Watched and Driven

At the other end, there'll be the ten per cent who have to be watched and driven all the time—to keep them up to even a minimum standard. There'll be another ten per cent, perhaps, who will work their best if they believe they are working in a good cause, but not otherwise.

And then, in the middle, hovering between all these extremes, will be the great majority. They'll tend to go whichever way the psychological wind blows. If the workshop wind blows toward pulling up socks and going to it — then they'll go to it.

I think I belong to this majority—this seventy per cent. I can do a good day's work, if I'm put to it. But if I'm to keep it up, I need encouragement. I need someone to set me an example. I need someone, too, who will keep reminding me how important it is that I should finish my job in a certain time—someone I wouldn't like to let down.

It seems to me that this "someone" is the person we've tended to overlook in our nationalization schemes.

In the old days of small factories, the employer himself usually did the encouraging.

Human Relationship Needed

Nowadays, there's seldom any such human relationship. Few people feel that they owe any particular personal duty towards a Board, or a Corporation, or a Government Department.

However, since we can't go back to the days of individual small-scale production without bringing our standard of living even lower than it is, it seems to me that we must find a way of making nationalized large-scale production more of a personal affair.

But leadership is just as important in a democracy as in any other kind of community. We already have the big leaders in Parliament and the trade unions. But the success or failure of nationalization, it seems to me, will depend mainly on the little leaders—the men and women in the workshops—the ten per cent who believe in the policy, and can ginger up the rest of us.

The chief snag, of course, from the psychological point of view, is that however successful nationalization may be in the long run, it won't make any noticeable difference at first. Nationalization of the mines won't turn the coal-face into a health resort, nor will the nationalization of transport turn Diesel fumes into ozone.

The only difference, for some time to come, will have to be in ourselves—in the spirit we bring to the job.

If ever there was a time when the believer in a full life for the British people could truthfully say: "It all depends on me"—that time is now.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

clean-up for minds

IT IS A GOOD THING from time to time to give your mind a thorough clean-up. Most people only *think* they know what their minds contain. Anyone who sits down to examine the contents of his mind calmly and honestly is in for a considerable shock.

There's that old resentment over someone who has played you a mean trick. There's that feeling of frustration and resentment over some cherished scheme that failed to materialize. Needless worries, useless irritations, ill-founded fears—dozens of useless ideas that simply take up good "mind room" and waste energy that could achieve great things.

From time to time, such a clean-up *and clear-out* is an important duty for everyone. The one thing that keeps the human mind young is an intake of new ideas.

The day a man refuses to consider new ideas is the day on which he can tell himself that he has grown old!

But you can't store even valuable goods in a warehouse that is crammed with rubbish. Sunlight can't penetrate through windows that are encrusted with the dirt of years. There's no fresh air in crowded spaces.

It's true, of course, that we largely live and work by memories. But there are all kinds of memories. Only the mentally indolent refuse to sift them. Let's preserve our best recollections to help us in the future.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Mr. Pinker made a kind of croaking noise as he strove to speak

Home is the Sailor

Mr. Pinker was wordly-wise—so was the sailor. Mr. Pinker knew all about women—so did the sailor. And when they got talking about the sailor's wife —the sailor knew a lot more than Mr. Pinker liked

by RONALD LINDEN

MR. PINKER was a bookmaker's clerk, a worldly-wise young man, but he suffered from hiccups. His friends unkindly said it was the wine and women, but they couldn't suggest anything that would cure it.

He was getting in the train one day, on the way home from a dog race meeting, when an attack came on and he hiccupped so violently that he nearly fell over the feet of a brown-faced sailor sitting in the corner of an otherwise empty compartment up near the front.

"You want to watch those hiccups," said the sailor. "My grandmother knew a cure for that."

Mr. Pinker shook his head, stumbling into a seat.

"I've tried everything. You know, dropping keys down your back. Holding your breath. Eating lumps of sugar, though you can't afford that these days. Anyway, it doesn't work."

Hiccupping, he stared at the sailor.

"Haven't I seen you before?"

"Lots of times," said the sailor. "I live in the same road. Don't you remember me—Joe Burton, who used to work at the garage."

"Why, of course! Joe Burton! You've been abroad."

"For three years. It's good to be back. I'm wondering if my wife has changed at all. It's been a long time."

"Women don't change," said Mr. Pinker, with the wisdom of experience. "You can take it from me. They're all the same."

"Well, you should know."

Mr. Pinker frowned slightly as he hiccupped. He didn't quite like the way the sailor said that. It sounded very much as if there were something personal about it.

The train had started. The sailor was staring out of the window at the passing countryside. His face was set in sharp lines—a hard face, Mr. Pinker thought, watching covertly.

"I suppose," he ventured, "you get queer ideas about women out there on the ocean?"

"I wouldn't say queer. Clear. You like to know she's waiting for you. You don't like to think some other chap is trying to step into your shoes."

"No." Mr. Pinker paused, rather uncertainly. "But you didn't have to worry about your wife."

"Oh, I don't know. Women are all the same. You just said so, didn't you?"

The sailor had a most disconcerting way of putting things, Mr. Pinker thought. He said: "Well, it's grand to see you back again, Joe."

"I hope Mary will think so."

"Your wife?"

"Don't tell me you've forgotten her name," said the sailor, raising his cold, blue eyes.

Mr. Pinker felt uneasy. He wished Joe wouldn't keep staring at him and making remarks that seemed to have something behind them all the time. It was almost sinister.

"I have spoken to your wife I believe, Joe, in a casual sort of way."

"Like that evening you went to the pictures with her?" said the sailor.

Mr. Pinker felt a dry sort of sensation at the back of his throat. He couldn't help giving a slight start.

"How did you know about that, Joe?"

"I used to get letters. It's surprising the number of people who write to a sailor. People I hardly know. I

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

got all the local gossip." The sailor stretched out his legs. "It's a small town, after all. People always talk, and write, especially if it's anything out of the ordinary. You know what I mean—scandal."

"Yes," said Mr. Pinker.

Mr. Pinker didn't like it. Some hidden meaning brooded darkly behind those slatey eyes. He was feeling more apprehensive all the time. Joe always had been a bit queer.

"I hope," said Mr. Pinker gruffly, "there's no misunderstanding about me going with Mary—your wife—to the pictures that time. I mean it was just accidental—I happened to run into her outside——"

"I know," said the sailor.

"It was a kind of coincidence. It was a very dark night. I dropped some money out of my pocket. She happened to have a torch. I asked if I could borrow it. We sort of got talking and—as we were both going to the pictures, well—we sat together."

"And after," said the sailor, in his peculiarly blunt way, "you took her home."

"We walked together," corrected Mr. Pinker, anxious to have everything straightforward, "in a friendly sort of way. If you understand."

"That's what I thought," said the sailor.

THERE was an uncomfortable pause. A very uncomfortable pause. Mr. Pinker looked at his watch to see how long it would be before the train got to the station. Too long for his liking.

The countryside rolled by monotonously.

"It's funny how things work out," said the sailor. "Little coincidences like that lead to all sorts of things. There was a chap I knew at sea—his wife got into trouble. It was through another bloke, of course."

"Nasty." Mr. Pinker shook his head and sighed.

"It was nasty for this other fellow. This chap I'm telling you about, as soon as he got home, went straight round and stuck a knife in him."

Mr. Pinker stared intently out of the window. Not that he saw anything except a blur of trees. He just pretended he was seeing something. He didn't know what else to do.

He could feel the sailor's eyes on him all the time.

"I expect that night you went to my house," said the sailor, "that was a coincidence too."

"I didn't——" Mr. Pinker's mouth opened and shut, moving soundlessly, unable to finish what he had intended to say. He got it out after a struggle. "I mean I did—yes—I did go to your house. I remember now. It was a couple of days after. I went there in the evening." He forced a shaky laugh. "It—it was about the money she'd won."

"Was it?" said the sailor.

"What do you mean—was it?" Mr. Pinker tried to speak angrily, to hide the twitching nerves of his mouth. "I'm telling you it was. Fifteen bob! Winnings! A dog I'd told her about came up. I took the money round to her."

He leaned forward in urgent explanation.

"I'd told her about this dog at the pictures. She asked me to put a couple of bob on. This dog walked it. I took the money round. That's all it was."

"And you went after dark?"

"Hell! When else could I go?" Mr. Pinker was getting slightly hysterical. "Don't I have work to do all day? Be reasonable! If you've been thinking anything——"

"What would I be thinking?"

"How should I know? It's the way you put things!" Mr. Pinker ran his finger under his damp collar. "Anyway, you understand now, don't you. It's reasonable, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's reasonable," said the sailor.

"Well, then," said Mr. Pinker, sinking back.

"Well, then," said the sailor in a low, thoughtful voice, "why didn't you come out again?"

MR. PINKER did not move for quite half a minute, nor did he speak. He seemed unable to.

He could no longer disguise the fact that he was frightened.

"Out again?" he stammered.

"Yes, you went in to see my wife," said the sailor. "Why didn't you come out?"

Mr. Pinker made a kind of croaking noise as he strove to speak. "I—I did come out."

The sailor looked at him.

"One of those letters I used to get was from an old lady across the road. Maybe you know her. A real nosey-parker. Always peering out from behind her front curtains watching people. She didn't see you come out."

"I came out the back way," gasped Mr. Pinker. "How could she see me. Besides, it was pitch dark—and raining. If you're thinking things—thinking I stayed there all night—you're crazy! I went out the back way, I tell you."

The sailor smiled thinly.

"You've been brooding or something and got your ideas all mixed up," went on Mr. Pinker shrilly. "I wasn't after your wife! I know it looks bad for me, I've just realized it, but you're all wrong! I went out the back way because it was raining. There was an old umbrella in the shed. Your wife said I could borrow it, and I went out to get it. There was no need for me to go through the house again—the back lane was nearer for me—and it was raining, I tell you."

He broke off breathlessly. He knew the sailor was mad. There was no doubt about it.

Thinking such things! He sweated, and prayed the train would pull into the station before it was too late.

"You see you're making something out of nothing," he explained desperately. "A bloke goes to your wife to pay her some money. It starts raining and he borrows an umbrella and goes out the back way. That's all there is to it. It might happen to anybody. It's just what you're making of it. That's what it is."

The sailor stood up.

He seemed to tower menacingly over Mr. Pinker.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do?" said the sailor. "I'm going to get out here. We're at the station."

The train was pulling in. Across the platform stood a girl with eager eyes, waiting hopefully.

Mr. Pinker saw her and started up. He said quickly:

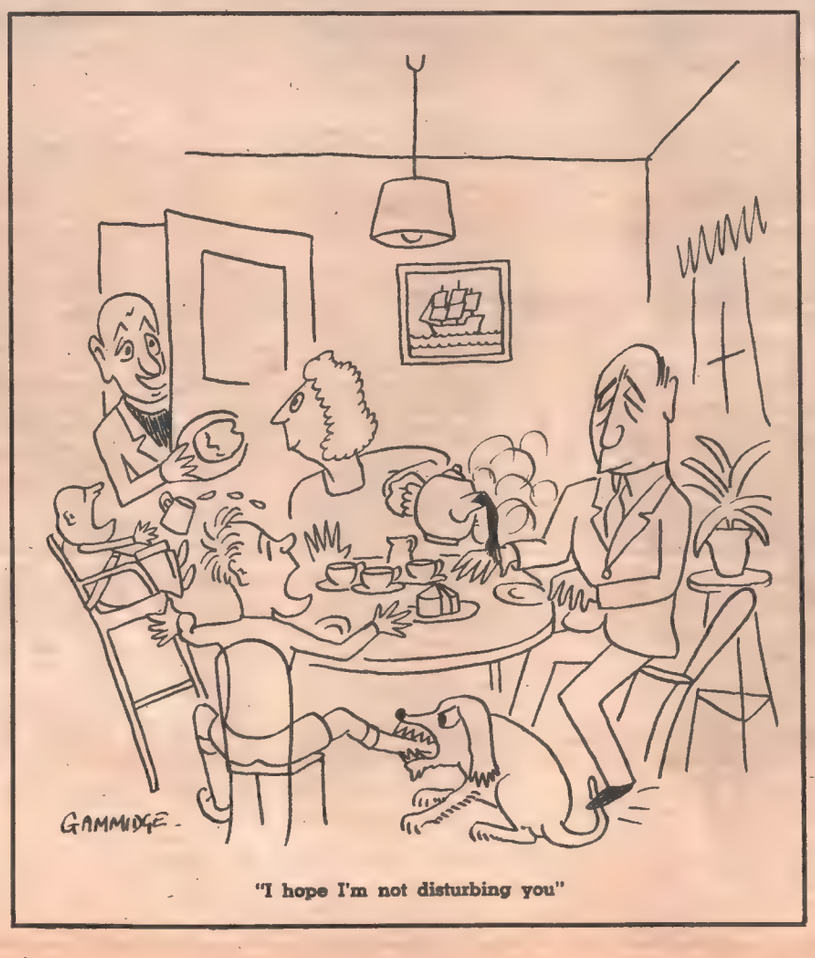
"There's your wife! Can't you see her? She's come to meet you! See? He' pointed excitedly. "That shows you! She's welcoming you back."

"I WIRED her this morning," explained the sailor. "Actually it was from her that I got all the gen about you—there wasn't any old lady."

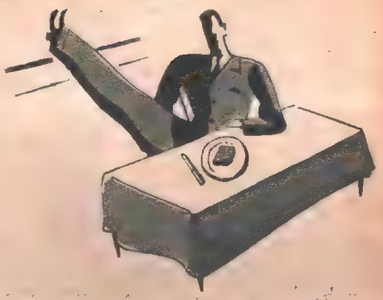
"Then you knew?" Mr. Pinker stared blankly. "You knew all the time there was nothing wrong?"

"Nothing wrong with my wife," said the sailor, stepping out. "Plenty wrong with you. What about your hiccups? I told you my grandmother's cure always worked. Give 'em a real good fright, she used to say, that's the only cure for hiccups."

Mr. Pinker abruptly realized his hiccups had stopped. Staring blankly, he watched the sailor stride happily across the platform and greet his wife with a hug and a kiss.



"I hope I'm not disturbing you"



WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Let Them Eat Cake

THE "DAILY BLARE": Some eighty million housewives throughout the length and breadth of the country are in revolt against the iniquitous bread rationing.

Bread is the staff of life. But the people of Britain are likely to find it a broken reed.

The Housewives' Mutual Stand Together Association is organizing a nation-wide protest. In this it is receiving the full support of the Upset The Government League. Mrs. Bedding, of "Bedposts," Lilo Lane, Bedsleigh, Beds., said to our reporter, "Bread rationing means starvation for us."

JOHN STRACHEY in the House of Commons: "We are rationing bread because we cannot depend on 'ifs' and 'maybes' in our forecast. We might squeeze through without rationing, but what a wholly unjustified risk we should be taking with the food of the people.

"The millionaire Press is campaigning to agitate against the measure of safety and assurance to the basic food of the British people. . . . Now we are told we are rationing bread out of fun, out of spite. I think we shall find the people of this country will respect the Government which prefers the safety of its bread supply to its own immediate popularity."

THE "EVENING HEADACHE": Yesterday 200,000 bakers agreed with our reporter that bread rationing menaces the health and life of Britain. "We are determined to fight the measure with all our strength," said six bakers in chorus. "If the Food Minister insists on putting through the scheme we shall be forced to go on strike and sell no bread, and then how shall we be able to make a living?"

STATEMENT by the Glasgow and West of Scotland Master Bakers' Association: "Representing possibly the largest bread-eating district in the country, we feel that it is the baker's duty to the public to endeavour to operate rationing with the maximum of efficiency."

THE "DAILY BLAST": Would you spare a crust for a hungry child? You would not hesitate. But you will not be able to bring happiness to that child now. You will need every crumb of bread to keep up your own strength. The might of the British Empire is being insidiously undermined.

DR. FISHER, Archbishop of Canterbury: "The Government was advised that if the outside world knew our stocks and our precarious position, prices would be put up against us in buying supplies."

GOOD BUSINESS AT FREEDOM CORNER

Marble Arch, where some speakers expound burning ideals and others make money. Begging is illegal. Gifts can be taken outside

Some orators in Hyde Park find tub thumping a paying game. By swaying the crowd — and dodging the law — they make an easy, tax-free living

by T. GREENSLADE

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO a man stood at the corner of Hyde Park, near Marble Arch, and said what he thought for one hour. He was escorted a hundred yards to Tyburn Tree and then, to the enjoyment of a festive crowd, was hanged.

This hour's grace given to a man convicted of treason was the origin of "free speech" in the park.

Such orators didn't have to worry about making a living. But today that is the problem uppermost in the minds of a great many of their modern successors. In fact, it is very often their reason for climbing the traditional soap-box.

There was once a music-hall favourite which went: "If you want to know the time, ask a policeman." If you want to know about the people of Freedom Corner, ask the same authority. Hyde Park, the police agree, can provide a good living free of tax to a man with a strong pair of lungs and a gift of the blarney.

Khaki Joe, whose personal appearance resembles the answer to a rag-picker's dream, has been renting speakers their platforms in the park for at least twenty-five years at a minimum of one shilling an hour. He adds to this by sometimes doing enough speaking himself to draw a crowd, which he then turns over to the regular lecturer.

To Joe, any man who goes in for "free speech" in the park, *sans* platform, is strictly anti-social.

A great many of Joe's off hours are spent in sleep, both in air-raid shelters and in the park; his living costs are negligible. He claims he is an anarchist and that "all governments belong to Old Nick."

They Pay if Impressed

On the other side of the Hyde Park social fence is young Philip Patrick O'Donaghue, who believes in one government, the Government of Ireland by the Irish, and has suffered more than once for issues developing from this trend of thought.

Philip is a newcomer who has learned the old Marble Arch truth that there is nothing in the law that compels you to reject money offered by strangers, provided you don't beg for it. Philip stands just outside the park and accepts donations from anyone who has been impressed.

Originally a dockyard worker, he was interned during the war. Living, for him, includes a two-pound-a-week room off Edgware Road, two meals a day, three hours' speaking a week, an occasional pint and, for recreation, the "barracking" of other speakers.

Philip's heckling is purely voluntary and puts him outside the pale of the little group who specialize in small-time "protection"—picking up beer money by annoying or leaving alone the well-subsidized speakers.

These well-paid orators are in a class of their own. Unless their full time is devoted to public speaking they are more afraid of leisure than of work.

Like any average citizen, the orators arise each morning and go forth to earn their daily bread.

Among them are to be found radio repair men, small shop owners, electricians, carpenters, salesmen and at least one Civil Servant. Hyde Park, for some, merely augments their livelihood, and means the difference between being able to take the "wife and kids" out of London for the weekend or being forced to remain at home.

Once away from the park, they are exactly what they appear, typical British fathers and husbands.

There are some "fanatics." Here, once again, there is a distinction between the professional and the amateur.

Those who make fanaticism, either religious or political, a profession, eat regularly from their work and make sure their hands are open as they go through the crowd to stand outside the Arch.

But for sincere amateur "fanatics," life is far more difficult. For them there are no tricks to the trade, no monetary goal; there is, simply, inside them a burning message which they must get across to the people of the world.

A few have money of their own, but the majority often do not know where they will sleep from one day to the next. They are emaciated and dressed in cast-off clothing.

They work when they can, but employers take a dim view of "unusual" people; and, with well-paying jobs closed to them, they must eke out an existence working at tasks that are often too heavy for them, constantly being fired, looking at each penny before buying a cup of tea.

They are old, most of this class; old, alone and unloved.

As they are not concerned with living, living cruelly passes them by. If they can get their message across, that is all they ask. Not bread, but converts. Not a shelter; their belief is shelter enough. To them the cold is nothing; they burn with an inner fire.

But the brotherhood of the soap-box includes others besides orators. Some draw the crowd by standing forth and raising their voices in song. Some of these also stand outside the Arch at the conclusion of the meeting, awaiting donations; living in cheap boarding-houses and spending tomorrow what they earn tonight.

But among them, too, are found the few of real ability whose popularity brings in a sum each week sufficient for the upkeep of a decent room and a pint whenever the mood calls for it.

Some are even subsidized by song-sheet companies. While the sale of pamphlets is forbidden in the park, there is no law about holding one in the hands and singing from it, while the name is prominently displayed and the article itself can be bought nearby at the conclusion of the performance.

There is always the exhibitionist—the man or woman with a queer "twist" which demands public acclaim.

Saturday and Sunday are their nights of freedom from the bonds of everyday life. Hyde Park to them is not a means of earning a living but the means of making living bearable.

Music Plus Publicity

And there is a small group of "sharp operators" who entertain the crowd, are never seen to collect a penny, are unsubsidized, and do not suffer from any advanced streak of exhibitionism.

But they, too, use Hyde Park and the freedom of speech as a means to gain a livelihood. For example, in one part of the park, at least two nights a week, the "Professor" leads community singing.

Now the Professor, when not making music, is making money with a large and comfortably furnished rooming house of his own, and as the representative of several more.

By keeping himself before the regular patrons of the park, he gets useful publicity.

The Professor's boarding houses are never empty, and neither are his pockets.

To the world, Hyde Park is the home of free speech, but it never has been free.

In the old days a man could say what he chose, but there was a rope around his neck before he started.

Today a man can still say what he wishes but, in the majority of cases, if he wishes to eat he says what he is told to by the factors controlling his purse strings.

Free Speech

ARE THEY STILL ENEMIES?

I HAVE BEEN GREATLY DISTURBED by the arrival in our village of eighty German prisoners. They are well-behaved, so far as I know, and do good service in the fields. How is one to treat them? Must I look through them as I pass by the gate of their hostel in the evening? Must I do the natural thing—smile and give some greeting, as one would to any other type of human being? Or must I go by with the faint sneer of a conqueror?

These men are decent, clean-looking fellows. They are obviously deeply miserable, as any vigorous, imprisoned men would be. Of their ordinary humanity I have seen clear signs. A prisoner offered my little boy a beautifully carved toy cart the other day. I turned it down brusquely, for no other reason than that I was embarrassed.

May I plead that our authorities give some clearer and more generous guidance on our attitude to these men who are living and working among us? My brother died two years ago at the hands of the Germans—a fact I mention to show that I do not argue lightly for more Christian treatment of prisoners.—R. N., Buckinghamshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Boy or Girl?

AFTER THOUSANDS OF YEARS' study the mystery of sex-determination is still unsolved. We still do not know whether it will be a boy or a girl.

From my observation, the theory that seems to work out best is that boys are more often born to young newly-marrieds while older couples, and those of less robust temperament, more often have girl babies. — MRS. P. R. B., Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Corney Cure

MOST PEOPLE HAVE A CORN of some sort and anyone offering a certain cure for only a shilling is bound to get a lot of "clients." I fell for an advertisement and, for my shilling, received a short, poorly printed slip telling me to scrape the corn with a safety razor.

The "instructions" included this valuable advice: "If you cannot get to your foot properly when sitting down, stand up and place your foot upward, resting the heel on the chair cushion."—MISS W., Bingley, Yorks. (Name and address enclosed.)

Wife Says "No"

WOMEN SEEM TO STIFLE men's ambition these days. On leaving the Forces I was offered a job that I had never attempted before. Within a few months I had made good.

Since then, I have interviewed over twenty men and offered them the same possibilities. They were enthusiastic at the time, but said they had to talk it over with their wives. That was the end of it—they didn't even try.—W. R. BEAGLEY, Kingston Lane, Southwick, Sussex.

Winning Ways

WHEN I WAS TALKING to a bookmaker acquaintance in a newsagent's shop the other evening, a woman came in, showed him a betting slip, and tearfully explained that she had forgotten to place the bet for her husband that morning. She was terrified at the prospect of meeting him on his return from work as the stake was a pound each way, and the horse had won at long odds.

Without a word the bookie took out his wallet, counted out the amount due, and handed it to her with a reassuring pat on the shoulder.—C. E. WELCH, 40 Newboro Crescent, The Cape, Warwick.

Back Entrance

I WISH PEOPLE at the cinema or theatre would face me instead of turning their backs to me when they're pushing past to get to a vacant seat.

I've had a cigarette almost forced down my throat, and my wife has had her hat

"Switched to a farcical angle"

switched to a farcical angle by a stoutish lady who would certainly have avoided my cigarette and the wife's headgear if she had been facing us.—C. V. N. CANSFIELD, 5 Lenton Villas, Thackley, Bradford, Yorks.

Priority Eggs

NEXT TO THE ATOMIC BOMB there's no greater modern mystery than the age of our eggs. I recently went over an egg-packing station and found a beautifully efficient organization. The eggs coming in from the poultry farmer were "candled" (held up to a strong light to make sure that they were good and fresh), and then dropped on to a conveyor belt which took them along to be automatically stamped.

After the eggs had been packed into cases, labelled and sealed, they were stacked up in the dispatch yard. There they waited until the Ministry of Food collected them.

"How long has that lot been waiting?" I asked my guide. "More than a month," he said, "but we expect the van any day now."—MRS. A. MUNRO, Ferns Lodge, Hordle, Hants.

Cheap Medals?

WHEN OUR UNIFORMS were barren of medals we used to conceal our envy of the Americans by saying they got a medal for blowing their noses. Our own campaign stars have deteriorated so much that things are now much the same with us.

When you see a man wearing the Burma Star, for instance, you no longer know whether he is a survivor of bloody battles with the Japanese in the disease-ridden jungle or whether he never went farther east than the padded chair of an electrically cooled orderly room in some Calcutta base. — "Ex-R.A.F. TYPE," Great Barr, Birmingham. (Name and address enclosed.)

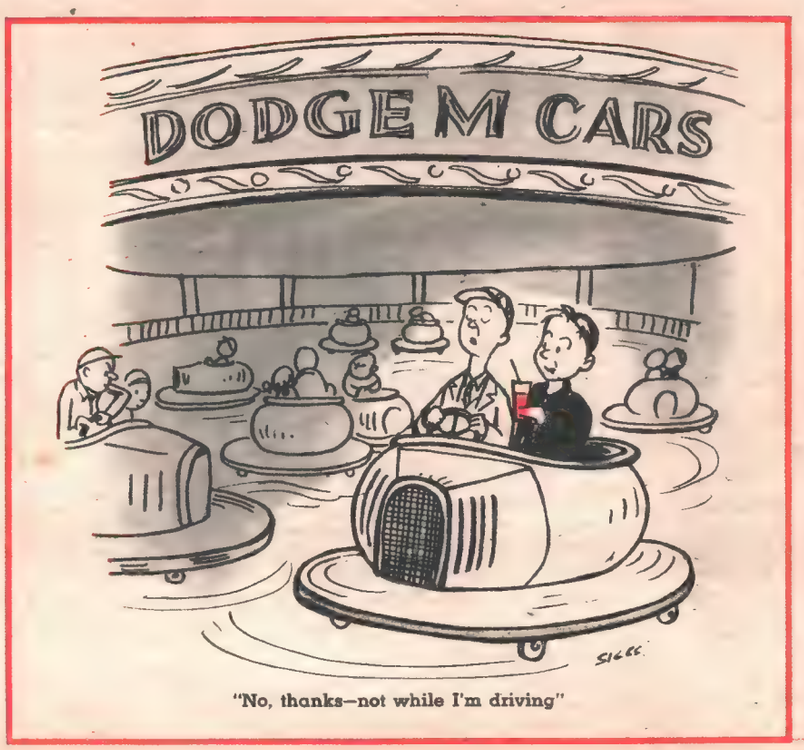
Pipe Lore

RECENTLY I WAS SURPRISED to see my tobacconist weighing pipes. He told me that the lighter the pipe, the better it is. Light pipes do not burn as do the heavier and cheaper varieties.—CLARENCE S. EAMES, 17 Thickthorne Lane, Houghton Conquest, Beds.

Are Teachers Needed?

A MAN WENT TO COLLEGE for three years and passed out as a certified teacher. The Navy then claimed him. After demobilization, with the rank of petty officer, he married on the strength of the promises to find positions for teachers.

Although months have passed, he is still unemployed. Yet intensive courses are being offered to ex-Servicemen to help them to become teachers.—ARTHUR J. SLOWE, 37 Lowerhouse Lane, Burnley, Lancs.

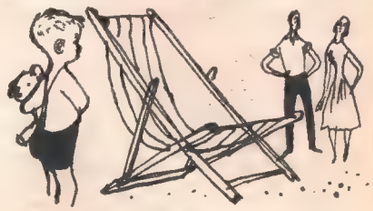


"No, thanks—not while I'm driving"

Hitting the Deck

FOR SOME REASON my husband fancies himself as a handy man. When he suggested casually the other day that our child was getting a bit too old for his playpen, my suspicions were aroused.

Later, I discovered him making a deck-chair out of the wooden strips and bars. For once, I thought, he had a good idea, as the cheapest deck-chair I had seen in the shops was priced at 27s. 6d. I still



"I thought he had a good idea"

think it's a good idea—despite the awful crash I came when I had the honour of testing out his contraption. Wives with really handy husbands please note.—MRS. T. BELSEY, Chiswick, London, W.4.

German Examples

HAVING SPENT the last thirteen months in Germany, I have been impressed by the many useful gadgets fitted in the average German house.

Electric coffee grinders and mixers, simple electric locking devices on doors, double windows to shut out noise, luminous keyholes—all sorts of little things like these were common. I am sure they would add tremendously to the comfort of our homes.—CAPT. F. C. CAPON, 282 Tilehurst Road, Reading, Berks.

Bitter Sweet

WHEN I GOT MARRIED RECENTLY, my wife and I sent out tiny pieces of wedding cake. We took a good deal of trouble with the cutting and wrapping as some of our close relatives live abroad.

Four days after posting the foreign ones, we had several packages back—"Returned to sender—contrary to regulations." The cake was not returned. Surely the world food shortage is not so serious as this.—GNR. A. T. MCCARTHY, 31 Station Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Speechless Bride

FOR TWO MONTHS NOW I have been in America—I am a G.I. bride—and have been thoroughly amazed, amused and bewildered by the remarks of the natives.

A neighbour, just introduced, informed me that the thing that she noticed most about me was that I spoke such good English. Another woman assumed that I had studied the language before coming to America as I had mastered it so well.

For once I was literally speechless—a phenomenon that my husband believes impossible.—MRS. PAT WARD, 603 North Scott Street, South Bend 16, Indiana, U.S.A.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WILD BOYS MENACE EUROPE

"And then these bits of human misery wave a handful of notes in front of your face: 'Me—buy; me—pay; me—plenty money!'"

There are no children, as we know them, in Europe. Instead, bands of hungry, thieving, killing youngsters are growing up into a generation of lawlessness beyond control

by WILLI FRISCHAUER

EUROPE IS FACED BY THE MENACING PROBLEM of a lost generation of homeless youth. To plunge, as I have done, from the atmosphere of Britain's rationed, disciplined—but sheltered—homes into the chaos of Continental family life produces shocks which are not easily forgotten.

Let me introduce to you the boys and girls whom I have met in France and Germany, in Italy and Greece. The teen-age "displaced persons" provide a grim experience.

I was brought face to face with it the other day in the big square near the main station in Naples.

Crowds of boys, barefooted, dressed in a fantastic assortment of rags that were once uniforms, in pants cut out of sacks, in shirts with one sleeve only, were shouting and arguing.

Suddenly they began to run.

An army lorry slowed down as it passed. One boy jumped on to it, seized a soldier's kitbag, threw it to his companions and jumped off again.

A shot rang out.

The infuriated soldier, who had already once before lost all his belongings in this way, had finally hit back.

The little Italian thief lay dead in his blood.

And that sort of thing happens too often.

Only Gun is Effective

"There seems no other way of dealing with these boy gangsters," I was told by a British officer whom I know as a thoughtful, kind-hearted father of two boys. "There's no way of controlling these dangerous dead-end kids. Give them a good hiding . . . they take it and laugh into your face! Hand them over to the police . . . they escape before they reach the station! As things are now, the gun is the only effective answer."

These wild boys of Naples and Rome will steal and cheat at every opportunity. At ten, eleven or twelve years old, they will gang up at night to attack and rob armed soldiers.

They offer newcomers black-market prices for cigarettes, for sterling notes. They take the cigarettes or the notes and then make off in the crowd.

They offer their "sisters" for sale and take a commission.

I met the Greek variety of "wild boy" in Athens and in Volos and in many small villages.

They are so emaciated that you instinctively offer them food; their deep-sunk eyes view you with such a desperate expression that you are oppressed by the tragedy of their suffering. And then . . .

"Johnny," they whisper, "any trousers, any shirts? Me plenty money!"

And these bits of human misery wave a handful of notes in front of your face: "Me—buy; me—pay; me—plenty money!"

Tiny hands clutch tens of thousands of drachmas.

Old Men of Fourteen

It is bargaining, buying, selling all day long. They sell cigarettes from Naafi stores; and if you do not want them, they offer to buy your own.

"Father's sent us out!" they say. But hundreds of them are orphans, old men of fourteen, living on their wits with the cunning of old lags.

At Boulogne, at Calais—not farther than twenty miles from the English coast—there are other young hordes who roam the streets and defy attempts to keep them at school. These children cannot read or write; they cannot remember an ordered life.

"Occupation has robbed them of their moral standards," one French official told me.

Those I met had not yet descended to the depths of crime and immorality which are so tragically commonplace in Greece and Italy. They were simply hungry and poor. Begging was the only method they knew to obtain food, clothes, sweets—the things which children need or desire.

But quite a number of French children fall into another problem category which I met, particularly in Germany.

To it belong boys like Hans Werner, typical of scores of others. Come with me to a roadside between Bad Oynhausen and Herford. See him there, a thirteen-year-old lad, immaculately dressed in a miniature G.I. uniform, complete with boots and cap, with belt and gloves.

Parents Killed in Raid

He counts himself among the luckiest children on earth.

His parents? He shrugs his shoulders: "Dead—killed in a raid on Dusseldorf," he says without emotion.

Hear his story. He set out on his wanderings over a year ago, stealing and scrounging what he needed. But he was picked up by an American unit and fitted out from top to toe. Hans became a "mascot," did odd jobs for his benefactors, was honoured with a "stripe" and called corporal by the soldiers.

All seemed well—until the Americans were recalled to the States, leaving behind the boy, who once again began to fend for himself, to get his living where he could.

Homeless, restless, he has since been wandering across Germany. There are trains so crowded that nobody checks on tickets. And a smart little fellow like Hans can count on lifts in lorries, private cars, army vehicles.

His future? He is convinced that life will go on like that for ever. He would like to go to America to meet his G.I. friends, who have promised to send him food, cigarettes—of course he smokes whenever he can put his hands on a packet.

They are especially tragic, these boys; the temporary kindness they received has only served to twist their outlook further. They take their place in that lost legion of German children which now numbers many divisions.

There are, too, boys of the same age who do live with their parents, who go to school—but cannot shake off the Nazi spirit of violence and "toughness" which has been instilled into them from birth.

The "Englaender" and "Amerikaner" are still enemies, and it is a patriotic deed to take advantage of them. These boys from "good families" will steal and are proud of it.

When I talked to one of them in German he gloatingly showed me a silver cigarette case with an inscription in English. He claimed that a Tommy had dropped it in the street.

Watches, pocketbooks, coins, money—nothing is safe from these delayed-action Nazis.

But they are angels compared with the gangs of Polish and Russian boys who speak no language but their own and use guns and revolvers to make their meaning understood.

Preying on refugees on the roads, holding up trains, they are not afraid to give battle to well-armed troops.

I have seen them at the Anhalter Station in Berlin, lurking behind corners, hiding their weapons but ready to pounce on any likely victim.

Police—German and Allied—regard them as their most dangerous opponents. It isn't easy to shoot at children. But often there is no other way.

All these boys, as they grow up, become more audacious and reckless.

Generation of Gangsters

There is now developing in Europe a generation of uncontrollable gangsters which will take grievous toll for decades unless speedy action is devised.

Here, surely, is a task to which UNO must devote itself if it wants to fulfil its charter.

An investigation into the conditions of the youth of Europe should be initiated. A body of psychologists, educationalists, police and crime experts should be set up to tackle the problem.

Let them suggest methods by which each Government and responsible authority can fight the plague of child crime before it leaves the bullet-riddled bodies of many more little boys sprawled in the dusty streets of the cities of Europe.

There can be no peace, no happiness in the world, while the Lost Generation remains uncared for.

Sail in for YOUR FREE HOLIDAY!

"The best holiday my wife and I ever had," was what reader J. Abbott, 43 Nostell Row, Wakefield, had to say about the Free Holiday Week for Two which, together with a big cash prize, he won with a neat *Bullet* this summer.

Our picture shows Mr. Abbott and his son at Prestatyn, North Wales. Bournemouth, Torquay, Scarborough, Sandown—you can go where you like for your *Bullets* Holiday, but to win it this week you *must* post your coupon below by Monday, July 29.

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,535

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Holiday:

P. Young, Acklington, Morpeth, Northumberland: **On Britain's Plate—*And* Shoulders, Unfair Share.**

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: Mrs. J. Smith, Bel-Helvie, Alexandria Road, Sidmouth: **Castles In The Air—*All* Castles Were Once!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: A. Hitchcox, 49 Charminster Road, Bournemouth: **Load Of Dynamite—To *Strengthen* "Bridges," Bevin.** FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Holiday: R. W. Sensier, 201 Pinner Road, Harrow: **We Keep Smiling, But—Old Kit-bag "Bursting Sides."** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Holiday: H. Clarke, 391 Oakleigh Road, Whetstone, N.20: **Castles In The Air—Rising With Brick-kilns' Smoke.**

£10 WINNERS: A. Burns, 52 Rochester Road, Middlesbrough: **The Boss Is Away, So—"Late Arrivals"** *Aren't* **"Runners"!** R. S. Campkin, 64 Rushams Road, Horsham: **We Keep Smiling, But—"No—" "No—" No Joke.** D. Johnston, 118 Mill Street, Newtownards, Co. Down: **By The Sea—Dad Snored—Ship Answered!** J. J. Jordan, The Bungalow, Winestead Colony, Partrington, Hull: **On My Plate—*What* Bread! But *Bread*!** E. A. Rossell, 11 Ashworth Avenue, Ruddington, Notts.: **The Boss Is Away, So—*Newspapers* "Exhausted By Lunchtime"!** Spr. R. Seale, c/o 20 Woodlands Road, Tonbridge: **Marriage Harmony—Needs Occasional *Deaf* Ear.** J. Smith, 1 Bk. Ashworth Terrace, Waterfoot, Lancs.: **By The Sea—"Relaxing," Worth "Tightness" Later.** S. E. Walker, 20 Ingleton Avenue, Hull: **On My Plate—Chip Of Old *Bullock*!**

50 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 New Prizes have been posted to winners.

"BULLETS" CHEQUES AND SEASIDE WEEKS

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Prizes for 1,563 Readers.

£250 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; £20 plus Holiday; £15 plus Holiday; 8 Holiday Prizes of £10; 50 of £1; 1,500 new prizes.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cook's Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

BRITAIN'S HARVEST
MARCH OF CIVILIZATION
WITHOUT WORK
ENOUGH TO EAT
PRICES AND WAGES
TO HELP THE FARMER
BLUE SKIES
IT'S A BIG JOB, BUT
ON THE LEVEL
TIRED HOUSEWIFE
HOLIDAY PROBLEM
STUMPED
MUST BE FINE
FATHER'S THIRST
DOMESTIC TUG-OF-WAR

CARRIED AWAY
GIRL ON THE BEACH
FIT AS A FIDDLE
GRANDMA SAYS
AT OUR FLOWER-SHOW

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

WORLD OF.....
LOOKING.....
BACK TO.....
ONE LONG.....
BEATS THE.....
WITH ALL HIS.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,539 (or XWORD 491); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

BULLETIN & GAZETTE LABEL—10-8-46

Stick 2½d. stamp here and address this label if requiring copy of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated Aug. 10

NAME .....

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BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

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EXAMPLE .....

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1,539 Closing Postmark, MON., JULY 29

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

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RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated August 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 487 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Slums. 2, Acts. 5, Spoof or Spook. 6, Cost. 8, Ace. 12, Nut. 13, Straw. DOWN: 1, Spica. 3, Share. 4, Rooks. 5, Storm. 7, Scene or Scone. 9, Moan. 10, Tow. 11, Wit.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: H. Phillips, 91 Burman Road, Liverpool.

Runners-up Award of £25 Cash shared between 7 entrants. Winner and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

XWORD CASH AND PENS

Up to 50 Fountain-pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up.

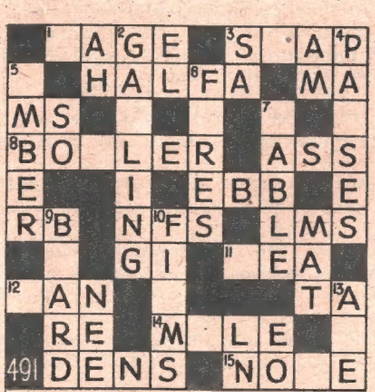
Post your Square below by Monday, July 29.

Across Clues.

1. Young monkey may perhaps be just right for one
3. Few housewives have much this left after a day's washing
8. Few people would think of sitting on one
11. It's not at its best when it boils
12. You'll want it off if it makes you feel draught
14. Certain kind of one is capable of considerable resistance
15. Bridge of this is often finely arched

Down Clues.

2. If burglar is caught trying to bring off big coup, the result is
4. You'll get awkward ones in debate
5. This is deeper and darker in colour when it's burnt
6. Certain types are pretty easy to put out
7. May possibly prove a whopper
9. Artists often prefer one of imperial size
10. In modern ones, typists are generally smartly dressed
13. Should be easy to draw



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark, MON., JULY 29

No..... **491**

Signed.....

Address.....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Allowances for Twins

"FAMILY ALLOWANCES are to be paid for every child after the first. I have twins. Can I claim or not?"

✓ Yes, you can apply for a family allowance, which will be granted in respect of one of your children. Your position is the same as that of any other mother of two children.

Nationality Change

"WHEN A BRITISH WOMAN in America marries an Englishman who has become a naturalized American, does she retain her British nationality?"

✓ If the husband had changed his nationality to American before the marriage, the wife would have to take this nationality. If, however, the husband changes his nationality after marriage, the wife can make a declaration that she desires to retain her British nationality, and the Home Secretary can grant her a certificate of naturalization.

Right to Sell

"SINCE 1933 I have been tenant of this house and have been paying rent to the agent of a Building Society. The owner paid £495 for it but had a disagreement with the Society before the deal was completed. He is willing to sell for £750, but I am wondering if he has the right to sell? Can he claim the deeds from the Building Society?"

✓ The house still belongs to the purchaser, but, as he has not finished paying back the loan, the Building Society is acting as receiver. If he sells the house—as he can—the Building Society will take what is due to it and will hand over the balance. The deeds will go to the new owner.

Deed of Gift

"TWO YEARS AGO my wife's father gave her the house as a 'deed of gift' for looking after him for a number of years. This was done through a solicitor and all the papers relating to the property handed over. Can the eldest son contest the transaction?"

✓ The transfer of the house by deed of gift would be quite in order and the eldest son would be unable to contest it, provided that the father was not suffering from any mental disability which would make him unfit to appreciate the nature of the transaction.

Becoming a Chef

"MY SON, aged just over fifteen, wishes to become a chef. I have no means of finding out the best way to begin. Is there any place where such training is given?"

✓ There is a Hotel and Restaurant School in connection with Westminster Technical Institute, Vincent Square, London, S.W.1. It has a school for chefs and another for waiters. The Ministry of Education recently asked local education authorities to arrange courses of training for the catering trade (Circular 109, May 23). When these courses are organized there will be classes for waiters, chefs, receptionists, and so on.

Widow's Pension

"UNTIL 1932 MY HUSBAND was a miner and contributed to National Health Insurance. He had to give up work in the pit and bought a business. He then became a voluntary contributor, but only remained so for a year. He died recently. Am I entitled to draw the widow's pension?"

✓ In the circumstances which you describe you are unfortunately not entitled to draw the widow's pension.

Valid Certificates

"CAN I STILL KEEP some War Savings Certificates issued in 1920, or am I obliged to convert them into Defence Bonds?"

✓ You are advised to keep the Savings Certificates bought in 1920. There is no obligation to exchange them for Defence Bonds. If the certificates are to be withdrawn an official statement will be made by the Government.

House for Business

"WHEN I WAS DEMOBILIZED last December I started work as a builder with my brother, using his house for the business. The landlord has now told us that we have no right to do this. Is he correct?"

✓ It depends on the agreement with the landlord. Your brother can use the house for business purposes provided that there is no clause in the tenancy agreement stating that it may be used only as a private dwelling place.

Living at Shop

"BEFORE THE WAR I let a lock-up shop at a rent of 28s. a week. During the bombing, the tenant used the two back rooms as living quarters, and is still living there without my consent. Can I give her notice to quit?"

✓ If you let the premises to be used as a shop, and not as shop and living accommodation, you appear to be entitled to end the tenancy by giving her notice to quit.

HOME SECURITY for EVERY READER

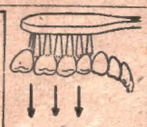
JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Readers not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

How to brush your teeth

(No. 3 OF A SERIES. Cut it out and keep it)

Food caught in cracks and crevices is the usual cause of decay. Microbes are bred which destroy protective enamel. Bad teeth often cause ill-health. Correct brushing is your best protection.



UPPER BACK TEETH *Never brush "backwards and forwards" (along the line of the jaw-bone). Place bristles lightly on gum just above tooth line—twist the wrist and sweep bristles "downwards" over teeth as shown by arrows.*

TWIST THE WRIST *When brushing lower teeth twist the wrist and sweep bristles "upwards." For upper teeth twist the wrist and sweep bristles "downwards." Arrows show track bristles should follow.*

LOWER BACK TEETH. *Hold brush handle so that it projects beneath the nose. Use a brisk "pull up" strokes as shown by arrows. Practice makes it easy. 6 strokes.*

ALWAYS—Use an unwetted toothbrush. Clean your teeth last thing at night and after breakfast. Keep at least two toothbrushes—use them alternately. Visit your dentist regularly.

USE YOUR *Wisdom* WISELY REGD.

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

FIRST AID!

FOR CLOTHES & ALL FABRICS

KEEP THEM FRESH AND SMART

A bottle of Beaucaire is an essential addition to your wardrobe. This amazing dry-cleaning fluid keeps all your clothes as fresh and smart as new. It removes dirt, grease, stains, etc., from suits, coats, hats, frocks, knitwear, gloves, ties, etc., without leaving a trace. Guaranteed NON-INFLAMMABLE.
Beaucaire is equally effective in cleaning upholstered fabrics, carpets, rugs, curtains, etc.—an invaluable aid in the home.

Beaucaire

The Superb Dry-Cleaner

From Stores, Drapers and Chemists everywhere.

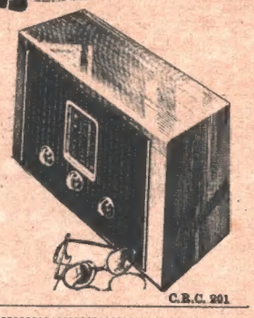
1/-, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

Beaucaire Laboratories, Vauxhall Grove, London, S.W.8.

Viewed with the eyes of the past the general form and layout of chassis and components appear completely unconventional

Shucks to the chassis

Shucks if you like but the inside layout matters to you when you have to pay for service. The sets we're making to-day are easier to 'get at' than ever before. The U102 for example—the first of the 1946 range; operates on A.C. or D.C.; 3 Wave Bands, Short Medium and Long; and of course station names on the full-vision illuminated dial. Tell your Murphy Dealer you want to hear the U102.
Price £16.10.0. *Plus purchase tax* £3.13.4.



murphy

Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.B.C. 201

'What does the green cross mean, Mummy?'

When a woman insists on the Izal Toilet Roll that bears the Green Cross, she follows her sure instinct for protecting her family. In hospital and laboratory, where they fight germs for the sake of everybody's health, the Green Cross is respected. For it is the sign of Izal Germicide, the enemy of disease.

IZAL

TOILET ROLL

Made SAFE with Izal Germicide

Newton, Chambers & Co. Ltd., Thorncliffe, Sheffield

MILLIONS SHAVE WITH A SMILE EVERY MORNING

—thanks to the SOFTENING SMOOTHING SOOTHING LATHER of

1/10½ & 3/- Including Tax

The Charm of a Smile

The smile that fascinates is the smile that reveals the gleam of pearly teeth. Don't risk it by using a gritty dentifrice.
Be wise—Always use Odol. Odol is the safest, the creamiest, the most refreshing way to make and keep your teeth like pearls.

Keep the winning

Odol

Smile!

TOOTH-PASTE
SOLID DENTIFRICE
TOOTH POWDER
DENTURE POWDER

How Do YOU Feel?

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation — go to your Chemist TO-DAY for a 1/4 or 3/3 size YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets (Prices include purchase tax).

Yeast Vite

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

Have a CAPSTAN

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
C.C.711N.

'BISURATED' Magnesia

RELIEVES INDIGESTION

1/5 Tablets and plain or mint-flavoured Powder, same prices. 2/10

CHADE PRICES INCLUDING TAX

LONG EDGE (slotted—fits 3-peg razors)	2D
SLOTTED DE LUXE	2½D
THIN DE LUXE (3-HOLE)	2½D
STAINLESS (3-HOLE)	3¼D

RASH

NOT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN!

Germolene sinks into the hidden recesses of the skin—into the sweat pores, sebaceous glands, hair follicles. Its soothing, cooling, cleansing touch calms irritated skin nerves, helps to clear up causes of inflammation, so banishing the itching and redness of spots, pimples, rashes, eczema, acne, and the like.

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use **Germolene**

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As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,
Just as a
Guinness is good for you,
A Guinness is good for me.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

It's my favourite

Macleans Peroxide Toothpaste—one size only